NEWMAN

an Appreciation

with the choicest Passages of his Writings selected and arranged by

Alexander Whyte

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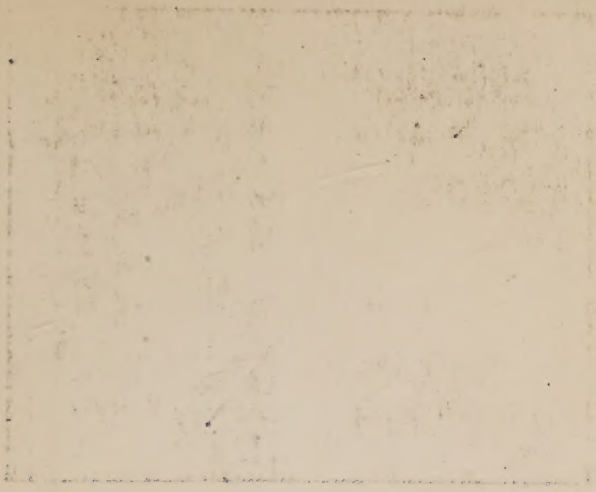

APPRECIATION

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NEWMAN

an Appreciation in two Lectures:

with the Choicest Passages of his Writings selected and arranged by

Alexander Whyte

D.D.

The Appendix contains Six of his Eminence's Letters not hitherto published

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To My Classes

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NEWMAN

APPRECIATION

Avowedly, this lecture is to be an appreciation. It is not to be a biography of Newman. Much less is it to be a criticism or a censure of that great man. This is in no sense to be a controversial enterprise: for which, indeed, I have neither the ability nor the taste. This lecture will be much more of the nature of a valuation and a eulogium, so far as that even is seemly in my mouth toward a man who is so far above me. I live by admiration, hope, and love, and Newman has always inspired me with all these feelings toward himself and toward many of his works. So much so, that I intend this little essay of mine to be more of the nature of an acknowledgment and a tribute than anything else. An acknowledgment, that is, of what I owe of enlargement and enrichment of heart to this great author. If any one, therefore, has the disposition to dwell on any proofs of imperfection in Newman's mind,

or on any instances of instability in his life, or on any of the manifold errors and defects in his teaching and preaching, he will find his full gratification in many able and unanswerable books and papers that could easily be named. Only, he will not find much of that nature in this appreciation, as I intend it, and would like it to turn out. Newman, no doubt, had his own share of those infirmities of mind and temper, as also of conduct and character, that the best of men cannot altogether escape; but I shall not dwell much on such things as these, even when I cannot wholly shut my eyes to them.

This little study is not at all intended for those who know Newman already. It does not presume to instruct those who have mastered this rich writer for themselves. This lecture has been prepared for those rather who know Newman's name only, and who know little or nothing more than his mere name. Newman's name has for long been in every mouth, but his writings are voluminous, and they lie far out of the beaten track of our day. And, then, they are not very easily mastered even by those readers whose exercised senses they strongly attract. At the same time, it is my hope that this little study on which we

are now entering will prove to be eminently interesting and profitable to us all. For, among many other things, it will show us how much Newman's special genius, his peculiar temperament, and his providential environment, all had to do with the formation and the alteration of his opinions; with the career he ran in the Church of England, and then with the rest he found in the Church of Rome. This little study will surely teach us also to look at things with other men's eyes, as well as with our own; to keep constantly in mind that we differ from other men quite as much as they differ from us. As, also, to see how hateful is the spirit of party in the Church of Christ; and over against that, how beautiful is an open mind and a humble and a hospitable heart. And in beginning this little study, I think I can make Newman's words in the preface to his *Via Media* my own, and say with him that my main object is not at all controversy, but rather edification. And now, after this long introduction, I begin to see what a task I have set before myself, till I enter on it, as George Chapman entered on his translation of the *Iliad*, sure of nothing but my labour.

Writing about himself in the third person, Newman says in the beginning of his Autobio-

graphical Memoirs: "John Henry Newman was born in Old Broad Street, in the city of London, on February 21, 1801, and was baptized in the Church of St. Benet Fink on April 9 of the same year. His father was a London banker, whose family came from Cambridgeshire. His mother was of a French Protestant family, who left France for this country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was the eldest of six children—three boys and three girls. On May 1, 1808, when he was seven years old, he was sent to a school of two hundred boys, at Ealing, near London, under the care of the Rev. George Nicholas, D.C.L., of Wadham College, Oxford. As a child Newman was of a studious turn and of a quick apprehension; and Dr. Nicholas, to whom he became greatly attached, was accustomed to say that no boy had run through the school, from the bottom to the top, as rapidly as John Newman. Though in no respect a precocious boy, he attempted original compositions in prose and verse from the age of eleven, and in prose showed a great sensibility, and took much pains in matter of style. He devoted to such literary exercises, and to such books as came in his way, a good portion of his playtime; and his schoolfellows

have left on record that they never, or scarcely ever, saw him taking part in any game. In the last half year of his school life he fell under the influence of an excellent man, the Rev. Walter Mayer, of Pembroke College, Oxford, one of the classical masters, from whom he received deep religious impressions, at the time Calvinistic in character, which were to him the beginning of a new life."

Turning now to the *Apologia*, we read as follows, this time in the first person: "I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course, I had perfect knowledge of my Catechism. . . . When I was fifteen a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured. Above and beyond the conversations and sermons of the excellent man, long dead, who was the human means of this beginning of divine faith in me, was the effect of the books which he put into my hands, all of the school of Calvin. . . . I was then, and I still am, more certain of my inward conversion than that I have hands and feet. My

conversion was such that it made me rest in the thought of two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator. . . . I am obliged to mention, though I do it with great reluctance, a deep imagination which, in the autumn of 1816, took possession of me,—there can be no mistake about the fact;—viz. that it was the will of God that I should lead a single life. This anticipation, which has held its ground almost continuously ever since,—with the break of a month now and then, up to 1829, and, after that date, without any break at all,—was more or less connected, in my mind, with the notion that my calling in life would require such a sacrifice as celibacy involved: as, for instance, missionary work among the heathen, to which I had a great drawing for some years." And so on, in that so fascinating book.

Newman has a very characteristic sermon in his series of University Sermons, entitled "Personal Influence"; and all his days he was his own best example of that kind of influence, both as experiencing it and as exercising it. So much so, that from the day he entered Oxford his biography is really the history of the personal influences that were poured

in continually, and sometimes unaccountably, upon his susceptible mind and heart. Richard Whately was, at that time, one of the ruling influences of Oxford, and his moulding hand was at once laid on the impressible freshman, John Henry Newman. Whately was a big, breezy, boisterous, out-of-doors kind of character. He was a sort of Anglican Church Christopher North; the last man you would have said was likely to die an archbishop. Whately was a man of an iron will, but he was proverbially kind and helpful to all young men who kept their proper place under him. "If there was a man," says Newman, "easy for a raw youth to get on with, it was Whately—a great talker, who endured very readily the silence of his company; original in his views, lively, forcible, witty in expressing them; brimful of information on a variety of subjects. The worst that could be said of Whately was that, in his intercourse with his friends, he was a bright June sun tempered by a March north-easter."

Whately was not long in discovering that Newman was a youth full of all kinds of ability, and for a time Whately and Newman were on the very best of terms. Whately's powerful mind, great learning, commanding manner,

and high position, all combined to make him a tower of strength around his sensitive, shy, and self-conscious, young friend. As time went on, Whately began to share some of his literary work with Newman, and in that, and in not a few other things, Whately treated Newman as if he were already a colleague and an equal, rather than a junior and a subordinate. And, altogether, Newman had good reason to reckon Whately, as he always did, as one of the best influences of his early Oxford life. At the same time, it was impossible that Whately and Newman could for very long continue to act together, more especially in their religious and ecclesiastical relations. And the more that Whately helped forward the development and the independence of Newman's mind and character, the more the inevitable breach between the two so different men was hastened, not to say, precipitated. But let Newman sum up this early Oxford relationship in his own inimitable way: "In 1822 I came under very different influences from those to which I had been hitherto subjected. At that time Mr. Whately, as he was then, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, showed great kindness to me. . . . I owe Dr. Whately a great deal. He was a man of generous

and warm heart. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and to use the common phrase, all his geese were swans. While I was still awkward and timid in 1822, he took me by the hand, and acted the part to me of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He, emphatically, opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason. After being first noticed by him in 1822, I became very intimate with him in 1825, when I was his Vice-Principal in Alban Hall. I gave up that office in 1826, when I became Tutor of my College, and his hold upon me gradually relaxed. He had done his whole work toward me or nearly so, when he had taught me to see with my own eyes and to walk with my own feet. . . . Dr. Whately's mind was too different from mine for us to remain long on one line. . . . I believe that he has inserted sharp things in his later works about me. They have never come in my way, and I have not thought it necessary to seek out what would pain me so much in the reading." This passage on Whately's influence on Newman will be best wound up with this characteristic postscript to a very painful correspondence that took place long afterwards between Newman and his old Oriel friend: "May I be suffered to add, that your name is

ever mentioned in my prayers, and to subscribe myself your Grace's very sincere friend and servant, John Henry Newman."

But by far the most powerful personal influence that laid hold of Newman in those impressible days of his was that of Hurrell Froude. Froude's personal friends are all at one in their love for him and in their admiration of his talents and his character. At the same time, as to the true value of Froude's influence on Newman, men's judgments will vary according to their ecclesiastical and religious principles. Those who lean to Rome, and who look with approval on the introduction of Romish doctrines and practices into the Church of England, will see nothing but good in Froude's immense influence over Newman. Whereas, those who stand fast in the Reformed and Evangelical faith will bitterly lament that Froude and Newman ever met. Newman's portrait of his friend is one of the shining characterisations in a book full of such :—

"I knew Froude first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts,—so truly many-sided, that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him,

except under those aspects, in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient winning considerateness in discussion, which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart; for I am all along engaged upon matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative, not for their own sake, or because I love and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as, they have influenced my theological views. . . . Dying prematurely, as he did, and in the conflict and transition-state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and their depth. . . . It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence." And on Froude's death in 1836 Newman wrote: "I can never have a greater loss, looking on for the whole of my life. I never, on

the whole, fell in with so gifted a person. In variety and perfection of gifts I think he far exceeded even Keble. For myself, I cannot describe what I owe to him—as regards the intellectual principles, the philosophy of religion and morals."

As to Froude having taught Newman to dislike the Reformation, Mr. Gladstone, while in many things admiring Froude and sympathising with him, says that he is compelled to admit and lament Froude's "glaring, if not almost scandalous disparagement of the Reformers." And on Froude's whole character, as seen in his history and as studied in his writings, Isaac Taylor, one of the most moderately spoken of all the critics of the Tractarian Movement, calls Froude's *Remains* a most offensive book, and describes Froude himself as the unhappy victim of a singularly malign temperament, and of a pernicious training. He denounces also the sombre and venomous flippancies of Froude's published *Journal*. As to what Newman suggests to his readers in saying that Froude died before his religious views had reached their ultimate conclusion, Isaac Williams has this in his clear-headed and honest-spoken Autobiography: "Many have imagined, and Newman endeavoured to persuade

himself, that if Froude had lived he would have joined the Church of Rome as well as himself. But this I do not at all think. And I find that John Keble and others quite agree with me that there was that in Hurrell Froude that he could not have joined the Church of Rome. I had always full confidence in Froude," adds Isaac Williams.

A far more sweet and genial influence than that of Froude, though an influence that did almost more than that of Froude to smooth Newman's way to Rome, was that of John Keble. "Do you know the story of the murderer," Froude asks, "who had done one good deed in his life? Well, if I were asked what good deed I had ever done, I would say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other." John Keble had won an immense reputation at Oxford, but great honours were never worn with a more lowly mind than were Keble's college honours. He left the University with the greatest prospects just opening before him, and went to assist his father in his parish work as a pastor. As to Keble's devoted and all-absorbing churchmanship, it was as indisputable as was his scholarship. In his brilliant sketch of Keble, Dean Church tells us that Keble "looked with great

and intelligent dislike at the teaching and the practical working of the Evangelical Christianity" around him, and that "his loyalty to the Church of England was profound and intense. He was a strong Tory, and by conviction and religious temper a thorough High Churchman." Froude had been Keble's pupil at Oriel, and when Keble left Oriel for his curacy, he took Froude with him to read for his degree. And not only did Froude read under Keble, but from that time Keble gained in Froude a disciple who was to be the mouthpiece and the champion of his High Church ideas. Froude took in from Keble all he had to communicate, Dean Church tells us—"principles, convictions, moral rules and standards of life, hopes, fears, antipathies." A story is told to the effect that Keble before parting with Froude one day, seemed to have something on his mind; and as Froude stepped into the coach, Keble said to him, "Froude, you said to-day that you thought Law's *Serious Call* a very clever book; it seemed to me almost as if you had said that the Day of Judgment would be a very pretty sight." Froude all his days acknowledged the deep impression that these words of Keble made upon him. As a matter of fact, William Law was one of

Froude's favourite authors all his days, and the same masterly writer was one of Keble's favourite authors also.

Keble's immense influence on Newman is traced both by Newman himself, and by all the writers of authority on that time, to two things —to the influence of Keble upon Froude and to *The Christian Year*. Hursley has produced two very influential books in its time, which are as diametrically removed from one another, not to say as diametrically opposed to one another, as could possibly be found in the whole spacious circle of Christian literature. The one book is a Puritan classic, and the other is an Anglican classic. The one is a treatise in strong old English prose, and the other is a volume of sweet, somewhat sentimental, somewhat ecclesiastical, but always devout and always beautiful, poetry. The one is a very masterpiece of the soul under the deepest spiritual sanctification, and the other is an acknowledged masterpiece of an Englishman's religion under the English obedience and discipline. "Keble," wrote Newman satirically in his Church of Rome days, "did that for the Church of England which none but a poet could do: he made it poetical." Keble's own condemnation of *The Christian Year* in after

days may well bewilder his biographer. Dr. Abbott traces this state of mind in Keble to the malign influence upon him of Newman. Be that as it may, few, I fear, have the catholicity of training, and the taste and the temper, to make to themselves classics of both these Hursley books, though both books are real classics, each in its own kind. Even Dean Stanley, with all his well-known catholicity, has no word of appreciation for Marshall, or even of recognition for that truly great divine. *The Christian Year* is in a multitude of scholarly and beautifully got-up editions, and *The Gospel Mystery* is in not a few somewhat poor and mean-looking editions. My favourite copy of *The Gospel Mystery*, which I have read as often as Jowett had read Boswell, if not as often as President Roosevelt has read Plutarch, is of the fourteenth edition, and bears the date of 1819. Dr. Andrew Murray of South Africa has lately published with Messrs. Nisbet an admirably introduced edition of Marshall at a shilling. And the purchaser who answers to the advertisement for him on the title-page, and who once reads Marshall, will never cease reading him till, as Keble says, "time and sin together cease." But after this parenthesis, which, at the same time, is of more importance than

the proper text, let me supply you with one more passage out of the *Apologia* about the author of *The Christian Year*, and his immense influence on Newman: "The true and primary author of the Tractarian Movement, as is usual with great motive-powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and had sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? . . . *The Christian Year* made its appearance in 1827. It is not necessary, and scarcely becoming, to praise a book which has already become one of the classics of the language. . . . Nor can I pretend to analyze, in my own instance, the effect of religious teaching so deep, so pure, so beautiful. The two main intellectual truths which it brought home to me I had already learned from Butler: the first of these may be called, in a large sense, the Sacramental system, and the other that probability is the guide of life." Every one who is acquainted with Newman's works will remember how those two principles, first implanted by Butler, and then watered by Keble, grew till they cover with their branches and with their leaves and with

their fruits the whole broad expanse of Newman's philosophical, ecclesiastical, and religious writings.

The Tractarian Movement was well advanced before Dr. Pusey joined it. But his accession to the movement immediately gave it an immense impulse. "Towards the end of 1834," says Dean Church, "and in the course of 1835, an event happened which had a great and decisive influence on the character and fortunes of the movement. This was the accession to it of Dr. Pusey. He had looked favourably on it from the first, partly from his friendship with Mr. Newman, partly from the workings of his own mind." But I am always glad when I can set aside every other authority, even Church and Mozley, and open the *Apologia*. And on opening that peerless book at this point, I read: "It was under these circumstances that Dr. Pusey joined us. I had known him well since 1827–8, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him ὁ μέγας. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy when, in the last days of 1833, he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. . . . He at once

gave us a position and a name. Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connections, and his easy relations with University authorities. . . . Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob. . . . People are apt to say that he was once nearer the Catholic Church than he is now. I pray God that he may be one day far nearer that Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all."

Pusey, as well as Newman, had already passed through some very remarkable changes in his theological views. He had spent some time in Germany, and on his return to England he had published a treatise full of promise in defence of the liberal theologians and liberal theology of Germany. He afterwards withdrew that book, and it is now very little known. But as I read that long-denied and forgotten essay, I see nothing in it, at any rate in its demand for freedom in Biblical studies, of which any High Churchman, or any one else, need

be ashamed. Indeed, I am not sure but that it will yet be pronounced to be the best book that its learned author ever wrote. At any rate, there is a strength in it, and a sanity, and a true catholicity, that are not always exhibited in Pusey's later writings. I could quote page after page out of this repudiated book of the profoundest insight into many still-pressing problems of Biblical criticism; pages that, had their author stood true to them, and had he gone on to unite to them all his piety, and all his learning, and all his well-earned influence in the Church of England, would have done much to prepare the way for that combination of orthodox doctrine with the foremost scholarship, which our own Church in Scotland, as well as Pusey's Church in England, are still painfully seeking to attain. But instead of becoming what at one time Pusey gave promise to become, he fell back into Tractarianism, and became another instance of a great and good man making the grand refusal.

Such, then, were the three remarkable men to whom Newman, in his humility, makes such handsome and honest acknowledgment. But the real truth in that whole matter is told about all those four men, and their relations to one another, in this final and unchallengeable

judgment of James Anthony Froude: "Far different from Keble, from my brother, from Dr. Pusey, from all the rest, was the true chief of the Catholic revival—John Henry Newman. Compared with him, they all were but ciphers, and he the indicating number." At the same time, we find the historian writing about his brother in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1879 in these strong terms: "I look back upon my brother as on the whole the most remarkable man I have ever met with in my life. I have never seen any person—not one, in whom, as I now think of him, the excellences of intellect and character were combined in fuller measure." Forty years after this, in a letter to Newman now in the oratory at Birmingham, and written in reference to a chance meeting of Newman and Pusey and Keble at Hursley, Keble sent these lines to Newman:—

> "When shall we three meet again?
> When the hurley-burley 's done,
> When the battle 's lost and won."

And may I not add from Keble himself:—

> "And sometimes even beneath the moon
> The Saviour gives a gracious boon,
> When reconcilèd Christians meet,
> And face to face, and heart to heart,
> High thoughts of holy love impart
> In silence meek or converse sweet."

In the month of December 1832 Archdeacon Froude, taking his son Hurrell and Newman with him, set out to the south of Europe in search of health for the two young divines. Hurrell Froude was far gone in a consumption, and Newman's health had suffered severely from the labour involved in the composition of his book on the Arians. Condensed as is Newman's account of their tour in the *Apologia*, I must condense it still more. The full narrative is given, as only he could give it, in his correspondence published by his sister, Mrs. Mozley. But I quote and condense from the *Apologia:* "We set out in December 1832. It was during this expedition that my verses which are in the *Lyra Apostolica* were written. Exchanging as I was definite tutorial work, and the literary quiet and pleasant friendships of the last six years, for foreign countries and an unknown future, I naturally was led to think that some inward changes, as well as some larger course of action, were coming upon me. The strangeness of foreign life threw me back upon myself: I found pleasure in historical sights and scenes, not in men and manners. We kept clear of Catholics throughout our tour. My general feeling was—'All, save the spirit of man, is divine.' I saw nothing but

what was external ; of the hidden life of Catholics I knew nothing. I was still more driven back upon myself, and felt my isolation. England was in my thoughts solely, and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly. The Bill for the Suppression of Irish Sees was in progress, and filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals. It was at Rome that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*. The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time. We borrowed from Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, 'You shall know the difference, now that I am back again.' I was aching to get home. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines 'Lead, kindly Light,' which have since become well known. When I reached my mother's house, my brother Frank had arrived from Persia only a few hours before. This was the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title of 'National Apostasy.' I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." With all that, thirty years after, Keble whispered to Newman

of that very National Apostasy, "But was it not just and right?"

As we have seen, Newman has said that John Keble was the true and primary author of the Tractarian Movement. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the idea of the Tracts originated with Keble. In a private letter of Keble's we find the first intimation of what Thomas Mozley has called "that portentous birth of time, the *Tracts for the Times*." "To give you a notion of the kind of thing," writes Keble, "the first tract we propose to print will be a penny account of the martyrdom of St. Ignatius, with extracts from his Epistles. Pray do not blow on it as being all *ultra*." As a matter of fact, when the first tract actually came out, it showed to all who had eyes to read it that a very different hand from that of Keble was to be on the helm of the new enterprise. Newman wrote the first tract with his own pen under the name of "A Presbyter," and the full title of the tract was this, "Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission, respectfully addressed to the Clergy." The famous series thus begun ran on from the 9th September 1833 till the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, 1841, during which years ninety tracts were published, varying in size from four pages

to an octavo volume. Newman wrote twenty-seven numbers out of the ninety, Keble twelve, and Pusey eight, but Pusey's characteristic contributions were large treatises rather than handy tracts. The rest of the ninety tracts were either written by men whose names you would not recognise, or they were compilations and extracts out of such writers as Bull, and Beveridge, and Wilson. The substance of the tracts was wholly limited to what is known as High Church doctrine. The tracts are full of the privileges of the Catholic Church, her ministry, her sacraments, and the discipline to which her priesthood and her people ought to submit themselves. "Their distinctive speech," says Mr. Gladstone, "was of Church and Priesthood, of Sacraments and Services." And, as was to be expected, there runs through the whole series a great scorn of evangelical preaching, and a great contempt toward every minister of the Church of Christ who is not a priest, either of the Greek, or the Roman, or the Anglican obedience. But, whatever the subject, and whatsoever the treatment, it is Newman who draws on the reader through all the tracts. At the same time, with all his extraordinary power of writing, the tracts are little read either in England or in Rome; and

were it not for Newman, nobody nowadays would ever open them. At least so I learn from all Anglican authorities. But if you have a sufficient wish to study the development, or, as some readers will be sure to call it the degeneration of the finest mind in the Church of England in this century, you must not grudge to go diligently through every successive number of the *Tracts for the Times.* Not that Newman writes them all, but there is not one of them without his consent and approval and personal stamp. At the same time, I warn you before you begin that you will need to have all your patience in its fullest exercise, and all your forbearance, and all your admiration of Newman, in order to carry you on from the beginning of Tract I. to the end of Tract XC. Dreary and saddening as much of the tract-writing is, I do not need to say that, since so much of Newman is in it, you will come on passages not a few that do not require his signature set to them—passages of such truth and beauty that they will dwell with you all your days. Having read all the ninety tracts, and some of them many times over, I can, concerning not a few of them, subscribe to what Dean Church says about the series: "They were clear, sharp, stern appeals to con-

science and reason, sparing of words, utterly without rhetoric, intense in purpose. They were like the short, sharp, rapid utterances of men in pain, and danger, and pressing emergency." That eulogium is only true of the selectest and the best of the tracts, that is to say, of Newman's contributions to the series. As regards the first tract, which gave the key-note to the series, I can entirely subscribe to what Dr. Abbott, Newman's severest critic, says about it: "Regarded as a specimen of Newman's sympathetic rhetoric, the tract is most admirable. It is indeed a splendid piece. All the more effective, because so restrained." And what that sternest of Newman's censors says about the first tract is entirely true of many more of Newman's contributions. "Topics," says Mr. Jacobs in a fine piece of criticism reprinted from the *Athenæum*, "that seemed forbidding, both for their theological technicalities, and their repulse of reason, were presented by Newman with such skill that they appeared as inevitable as Euclid, and as attractive as Plato."

But it was the pulpit of St. Mary's that was Newman's true and proper throne. It was from the pulpit of St. Mary's that he began to conquer and to rule the world. I never saw

Newman in his pulpit myself, but I have read so much about his appearance in the pulpit that I feel as if I could undertake to let you see and hear him in it. I have open before me, as I compose these lines, what Shairp, and Church, and Mozley, and Froude, and Lockhart, and Oakeley, and the Bishop of Carlisle, and many more have told us about Newman's preaching. Principal Shairp, for one, has a most admirable picture of Newman in the pulpit. He begins by telling us how simple and unostentatious the service in St. Mary's was when Newman was the preacher. "No pomp, no ritualism," are Shairp's words, "nothing but the silver intonation of Newman's magic voice. Newman's delivery had this peculiarity. Each sentence was spoken rapidly, but with great clearness of intonation, and then, at the close of every sentence, there was a pause that lasted for several seconds. Then another rapidly but clearly spoken sentence, followed by another pause, till a wonderful spell took hold of the hearer. The look and bearing of the preacher were as of one who dwelt apart, and who, though he knew his age well, did not live in his age. From his seclusion of study, and abstinence, and prayer; from habitual dwelling in the unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day of

the week to speak to others of the things he had seen and known in secret. As he spake, how the old truths became new! how they came home with a meaning never felt before! The subtlest of truths were dropped out as by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style, yet what calm power! how gentle yet how strong! how simple yet how suggestive! how homely yet how refined! how penetrating yet how tender-hearted! And the tone of voice in which all this was spoken sounded to you like a fine strain of unearthly music." I remember vividly the delight I took in an article on Newman's sermons that appeared more than thirty years ago in the *Saturday Review*. That article gave a voice to what I had long felt about Newman's sermons, but had not the ability myself to utter. And I remember how I bought up not a few numbers of that issue of the *Saturday Review*, and sent them to friends up and down the country in order that they might share the fine tribute with me. I did not know at the time that Dean Church was the writer of that remarkable appreciation. I used to have the following passage by heart: "Dr. Newman's sermons stand by themselves in modern English literature: it might even be

said, in English literature generally. There have been equally great masterpieces of English writing in this form of composition, and there have been preachers whose theological depth, acquaintance with the heart, earnestness, tenderness, and power have not been inferior to his. [I did not know those preachers then, and I do not know them yet.] But the great writers," Church goes on, "do not touch, pierce, and get hold of minds as Newman does, and those who are famous for the power and the results of their preaching do not write as he does. We have learned to look upon Dr. Newman as one of those who have left their mark very deep on the English language. Little, assuredly, as their writer originally thought of such a result, the sermons have proved a permanent gift to our literature, of the purest English, full of spring, clearness, and force. Such English, graceful with the grace of nerve, flexibility, and power, must always have attracted attention; but his English had also an ethical element which was almost inseparable from its literary characteristics." And so on, to the end of an article very remarkable for its insight and its eloquence.

Before leaving St. Mary's, I must give you

this very remarkable portrait of Newman, lest you may never have seen it. James Anthony Froude, in an article in *Good Words* for 1881, says: "My present letter will be given to a single figure. When I entered Oxford John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight, and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but always with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him.

His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. I am told that, though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose the vintages of the college cellar. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's *Despatches of the Duke of Wellington* came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. 'Think!' he said; 'it makes one burn to have been a soldier!'" I could not deny you that remarkable characterisation, though it is Froude's description of Newman in the pulpit I am specially in quest of: "No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. Taking some Scripture character for a text, Newman spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from Newman was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from

its originality; even to those who were careless of religion, and to those who wished to be religious, it was like the springing of a fountain out of a rock." And take this also from an anonymous pen: "Action in the common sense there was none. His hands were literally not seen from the beginning to the end. The sermon began in a calm, musical voice, the key slightly rising as it went on; by and by the preacher warmed with his subject, till it seemed as if his very soul and body glowed with suppressed emotion. The very tones of his voice seemed as if they were something more than his own. There are those who to this day, in reading many of his sermons, have the whole scene brought back before them. The great church, the congregation all breathless with expectant attention, the gaslight just at the left hand of the pulpit, lowered that the preacher might not be dazzled: themselves, perhaps, standing in the half-darkness under the gallery, and then the pause before those words in *The Ventures of Faith* thrilled through them, 'They say unto Him, "We are able,"' or those in the seventh sermon in the sixth volume, 'The Cross of Christ.'"

But hear William Lockhart also, one of Newman's oldest living disciples: "To see

Newman come into St. Mary's, in his long white surplice, was like nothing one had seen before. He glided in swiftly like a spirit incarnate. When he reached the lectern, he would drop down on his knees and remain fixed in mental prayer for a few moments, then he rose in the same unearthly way and began the service. His reading of the lessons from the Old and New Testaments was a most marvellous expression of soul. Many men are expressive readers, only we can see that they intend to be expressive. But they do not reach the soul; they are good actors, certainly, but they do not forget themselves, and you do not forget them. The effect of Newman's preaching on us young men was to turn our souls inside out. It was like what he says in the *Dream of Gerontius* of the soul after death, and presented before God—

> 'Who draws the soul from out its case
> And burns away its stains.' "

"We never could be again the same men we were before."

That is surely enough. Nothing surely could add to that. Such testimonies, from such men, is almost more to us than if we had been hearers of Newman for ourselves. Next

to having been his hearers, and far better than that, we have his incomparable sermons in our hands, so that we can enter St. Mary's whenever we choose.

We would willingly remain with Newman in St. Mary's pulpit to the end, if he would only remain there with us. But we are following out his onward career, and all this time he has been making steady and straight for Rome; so much so, that his Romeward progress can be watched, and measured, and recorded — Dr. Abbott has done it—in almost every one of his St. Mary's sermons. No reader of those sermons who has his eyes open can fail to see Newman's Romeward footprints on every page. He denies that he ever took his Tractarian doctrines into the pulpit; but, then, he tells us that it was almost a rule of his not to open his own books after they came out; and he cannot have opened many of his St. Mary's sermons, if he is entirely candid in what he says about them in the matter of their Tractarianism. At any rate, I cannot open them without being continually vexed and thrown out by his constant asides at evangelical truth, not to say by his constantly insinuated praises of Tractarian positions, and sacerdotal and ascetic practices, with their both justifying and

sanctifying influences. From the first of his published sermons to the last, sermon succeeding sermon, there are to be seen Newman's onward footprints, soft as the falling snow; his swift, noiseless, delicate, and refined footprints. Sometimes for a moment seeming to turn aside; sometimes for a moment, as one would think, looking not unwistfully back; but only to turn all the more resolutely, and sometimes, to use his own word, "fiercely," on his Romeward way. In all his tracts also you can trace the same progress as plainly as in his sermons; as also in all his historical, doctrinal, and polemical writings, from the *Arians* to the *Development;* and the same progress is still more dramatically to be studied in all his letters. "It has ever been a hobby of mine, though perhaps it is a truism, not a hobby, that the true life of a man is in his letters. Not only for the interest of a biography, but for arriving at the true inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method. Biographers varnish, they assign motives, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nods; but contemporary letters are facts." On these four parallel and converging lines then,—his sermons, his tracts, his historical doctrinal and controversial publications, and his letters, and,

I may add, his poems—the attentive student can trace every step of Newman's secession from the Church of England, and every step in his progress toward the Church of Rome. And a right repaying study it is to the proper student, the rare student, that is, of sufficient enterprise and endurance.

"From the end of 1841 I was on my deathbed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church. Now a deathbed has scarcely a history; it is a tedious decline, with seasons of rallying and seasons of falling back; and since the end is foreseen, or what is called a matter of time, it has little interest for the reader, especially if he has a kind heart. Moreover, it is a season when doors are closed and curtains drawn, and when the sick man neither cares nor is able to record the stages of his malady." Littlemore was the scene of Newman's deathbed. Littlemore was a sort of midway house between Oxford and Rome. Or, rather, it was the last hostel on the Roman road. "Father Dalgairns and myself," says Lockhart, "were the first inmates of Littlemore. It was a kind of monastic life of retirement, prayer, and study. We had a sincere desire to remain in the Church of England, if we could be satisfied that in so doing we were

members of the world-wide visible communion of Christianity which was of apostolic origin. We spent our time at Littlemore in study, prayer, and fasting. We rose at midnight to recite the Breviary Office, consoling ourselves with the thought that we were united in prayer with united Christendom, and were using the very words used by the saints of all ages. We regularly practised confession, and went to Communion, I think, daily, at the village church. At dinner we met together, and after some spiritual reading at table we enjoyed conversation with Newman. He spoke freely on all subjects that came up, but I think controversial topics were tacitly avoided. He was most scrupulous not to suggest doubts as to the position of the Church of England to those who had them not. Newman would never let us treat him as a superior, but placed himself on a level with the youngest of us. It was his wish to give us some direct object of study in his splendid library, in which were all the finest editions of the Greek and Latin fathers and schoolmen, all the best works on Scripture and theology, general literature, prose and verse, and a complete set of the *Bollandist Acta Sanctorum*, so far as they had been printed. Newman was an excellent violin player, and he

would sometimes bring his instrument into the library after dinner and entertain us with the exquisite sonatas of Beethoven."

But by this time the end was not far off. And this letter to his sister will best describe the end :—

Littlemore, October 8th, 1845.

"My dear Jemima,—I must tell you what will pain you greatly, but I will make it as short as you would wish me to do.

"This night Father Dominic, the Passionist, sleeps here. He does not know of my intention ; but I shall ask him to receive me into what I believe to be the one Fold of the Redeemer.

"This will not go till all is over.—Ever yours affectionately, John H. Newman."

"I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me : Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey, too, came up to

take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who have been kind to me, both when I was a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my university.

"On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway."

To me by far the most important chapter of the whole *Apologia* is that in which its author goes on to tell us what the position of his mind has been since 1845. He does not need to tell us that his mind had not been idle, nor that he had not given over thinking on theological subjects. But it makes us open our eyes and attend to every word when he continues as follows: "I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart

whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I have never had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervour; but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day." Now, I for one am not satisfied with that statement, frank, and open, and guileless, as it looks, and as I entirely believe it to be. I would like to be told more than I am here told. I would like that this chapter had gone far deeper down than it has gone. I do not for a moment forget that the *Apologia* sets out to be a history of its author's religious *opinions* only; but I am so constituted that every man's religious opinions take their interest, and their sanction, and their weight, and their worth, with me according to the influence they have on the heart and the life of him who holds such and such opinions. And the longer I live I am becoming more and more exacting in this respect with my few favourite authors. So much so, that I now rank my classics according as their authors show me that they know the plague of their own

hearts, and are able to speak home to the plague of my heart. Rare genius in a writer, great learning, a perfect style—nothing whatsoever will any more make up to me for his blindness to, and his silence about, his own heart and mine. I will show you what I mean. In his Tractarian days Newman did an immense service in that he translated Bishop Andrewes's *Private Devotions* out of the Greek into his own incomparable English, and printed his translation in the Eighty-eighth *Tract for the Times*. Now in one memorable place, the saintly old Bishop cries out in his sweat and tears that he is still trodden down by a great trespass that has tyrannised over him from his youth up. It is perhaps too much to ask at Newman, or at any one else, but a man will not stick at trifles when his soul is at stake. Well, then, when Newman after his second conversion came again on that agonising cry of Andrewes's, did he still continue to make that agonising cry his own? Or was his new conversion such and so complete that all the sins of his youth and middle age were now sloughed off, and for ever left behind him? Did Newman's youthful "shuddering at himself" disappear after he came into the perfect peace of Rome? Was he any better able to keep his

heart clean of pride, and of anger, and of ill-will, say, at the Jesuits, at Cardinal Manning, and at Charles Kingsley? And of self-satisfaction and elation of mind when the *Apologia*, say, turned out so well, and was received with such universal acclamation? There are spots in the sun, and there are the dregs of original sin still left in the most advanced of the saints. But I am pained above measure when one who lived under the same roof with Newman in his old age quite outspokenly accuses him of "extraordinary implacability" toward any one who either thwarted or disappointed him. "There was, in fact, no place for repentance. A complete submission might mend matters; but the offender would for ever afterwards remain in the outer circle." "John," said his sister, "*can* be most amiable, most generous. He can win warm love from all his friends; but to become his friend the essential condition is that you see everything along his lines, and accept him as your leader." Now, if you were to find yourself out to be at all like that at eighty, would you not be glad to ask,—your baptism and all else notwithstanding,—Can a man be born again when he is old? You would be compelled to admit that neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but

a new creature. And would you not begin to doubt if you were in the right Church of Christ after all? Because you have it on His own authority that all the Churches, with all their sacraments, and all else, are to be tried as if they were trees; that is to say, by their fruits in their ministers and in their people they are to be known and are to be dealt with; pruned and dressed, or altogether cut down, as the case may be. "I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervour." Now, these are just the things that the Church of Christ exists in all her branches to produce. And, than these things, there is nothing in any Church that I, speaking for myself, value one farthing. And if Rome did not do anything at all in these directions for her most docile and most susceptible convert, certainly she has nothing else wherewith to tempt me. It is just my want of faith, and self-command, and fervour, that makes me shudder at myself, and no ecclesiastical subterfuge, short of these things, would bring any true rest and security of heart to me. Now, I protest to you that I am not disrespect-

ful in one syllable of what I am now saying, or anything but absolutely reverential, to this great man. I am not speaking in an impertinent or a debating mind. I am in dead earnest, I assure you, in all I now say. Because, if Newman could have satisfied me about all these momentous things in his various autobiographic writings, I do not see how I could possibly have rested short of the same submission and surrender to Rome that he made. But if Newman's perfect peace and absolute contentment after his second conversion terminated short of an entirely humble, and holy, and heavenly heart, then I shall remain where I am: trusting that He who has begun these transcendent things in me where He has planted me, will perfect them either where He has planted me, or where He will thence transplant me in His own time. Far above the fascinating history of his religious opinions; far above his exquisite style; far above all these and all his other manifold benefits to me, I would like far better that Newman had still further condescended and had laid bare some of these still deeper secrets of his. "It may easily be conceived how great a trial it is to me to write the following history of myself; but I must not shrink from the task. The words, 'Secretum

meum mihi,' keep ringing in my ears; but as men draw towards their end, they care less for disclosures." Would that he had carried that noble resolution far deeper than he has done! For, what an Autobiography the world would then have had! And what an apple of gold in what a picture of silver his fifth chapter would then have been! As it is, this history of the position of Cardinal Newman's mind merely, after 1845, beyond its captivating style, has little or nothing of real interest or value to me.

"Father Dominic does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the One Fold of Christ." Now, I have studied every syllable that Newman ever wrote about "the One Fold of Christ," both before he had asked to be admitted into it, and after his admittance. But he has failed to convince his most admiring and most open-minded reader. Not only has he not convinced that reader, but he has confirmed him more than ever the other way. No; Newman and all his intoxicating Tractarian and Catholic writings notwithstanding. Neither Moscow, nor Rome, nor Geneva, nor Canterbury, is the One Fold of Christ to me. To me, I thank God, none of all those assuming and contending churches,

nor all of them taken together, is the One Fold of Christ. The Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep, has much sheep of His in all these partial folds, and much sheep of His outside them all, neither shall any man pluck them out of His hand. To me, Protestant though I am, the true pathos of Newman's history does not lie in his leaving the Church of England for the Church of Rome, but it lies in his for ever forsaking the Evangelical faith, than which, properly speaking, there is no other faith, and in declining upon a system of religion in which that faith, as I suppose, is at its very lowest point. Paul's indignant language to the Galatian Church alone expresses my sad thoughts over Newman's declension. I will not repeat that language, but everyone who knows Newman's history will recall and will apply that language for themselves. "But," as Newman says of himself in the Introduction to his Chrysostom, "I am getting far more argumentative than I thought to be when I began; so I will soon lay down my pen and retire into myself."

The last forty years of Newman's earthly life were spent within the walls of the Oratory at Birmingham. And, monastery as it was, it was in many respects a charming retreat for

a community of scholars and Christian gentlemen. You must not think of Newman and his confraternity as cooped up in narrow cells, never seeing the sun, and never allowed to speak or to look up from the ground. You must not think of them as fasting every day, and only breaking their fast with a crumb of bread and a cup of cold water. Far from that; for Philip Neri was their patron saint, and not Father Mathew. And under Philip's genial rule they had great times of it at Edgbaston. The students had stage plays and all kinds of out-of-doors sports and games to their hearts' content, Father Newman the greatest boy of them all. He employed his fine and familiar scholarship to adapt old Latin comedies to the Oratory stage, he presided in person over the rehearsals, saw to the proper dresses with his own eyes, and that at no end of expense. "He coached nearly every one of the players privately, and astonished them not a little by the extraordinary versatility and dramatic power with which he would himself personate for their imitation a love-sick Roman exquisite or a drunken slave." And not for the entertainment of the young men only, were these relaxations indulged in. The head of the holy house himself had been all his days

passionately fond of music, and at eighty few could handle the fiddle-bow like him. The first piece of furniture my own eye lighted on in the lobby of the Oratory, when Dr. Dods, Dr. Thomson, and I went to pay our respects to Newman, was the Cardinal's mammoth cello. And then, the six days of the secular week were not sufficient for the flow of spirits that welled up in the old Cardinal's heart. Dr. Allen tells us that long after Phillips Brooks was the most famous preacher in America, on one occasion when he and his brother were back in the old home on a holiday, so obstreperous were the noises that were coming out of the smoking-room, that their mother knocked at the door and exclaimed, "My boys, remember that it is the Sabbath-day!" And had the Cardinal's Huguenot mother been allowed inside the Oratory on any Sabbath-day whatever, most certainly she would have boldly reproved the cricket and the concerts that went on all the afternoon, to the scandal of the Puritan neighbourhood. As a matter of fact, Newman's near neighbours did remonstrate with him against his continental Sunday, but Hippocleides didn't care. And the thing went on. But you must not suppose that all the Cardinal's forty years in

the Oratory were spent in sport like that. One who must have known the Oratory from the inside once wrote about it thus: "As Dr. Newman's days grow fewer, they grow longer. He has ever been an early riser, and now from five in the morning to an unknown hour at night he is busily engaged in redeeming the time. His first two hours are given to devotion. About eight o'clock he appears in the refectory, where he breakfasts in silence, attacking meanwhile the pile of correspondence which awaits him on the table. Then his own room receives him, and until half-past two or three in the afternoon correspondence, study, and the duties of the house and the school, engross him. An hour or two in the afternoon is given to exercise, for he is still a great pedestrian; the community dinner is at six o'clock; and on days when his turn comes round 'the Father' girds on the apron of service, and waits upon his brethren, not sitting down till they are all served. All eat in silence, only broken by the voice of the lector. Perhaps the two things which most strike the visitor among these ecclesiastics is their thoroughly English tone, and the liberality, in the highest sense, of their views. So passes Dr. Newman's life in the Birmingham Oratory."

He did not need to assure us that his mind was not idle during his Catholic days. He did not need to certify us that he had not given over thinking on theological subjects. The *Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations*, the *Sermons preached on Various Occasions*, *The Idea of a University*, *The Grammar of Assent*, the *Apologia pro vita sua*, *Loss and Gain*, *Callista*, *The Dream of Gerontius*, his brilliant controversial volumes, and his ceaseless rewriting and re-arranging of his Anglican works, such as his Arians, his Athanasius, his Theological Tracts, and his fine volumes of Critical and Historical Essays ; all that is proof enough of the continued activity of his magnificent mind. His Oratory writings alone would make up a noble life's work in themselves, even for a man of the greatest genius, and the greatest industry, which Newman was to the end of his days.

"I cannot see, I cannot speak, I cannot hear, God bless you," was Newman's message to his old friend Mr. Gladstone in November 1888. Newman's delight in men, in books, and in affairs had all his life been intense, and he had a strong desire that his life might be prolonged to its utmost possible span, if it was the will of God. "For myself, now, at the end

of a long life, I say from a full heart that God has never failed me, has never disappointed me, has ever turned evil into good for me. When I was young I used to say (and I trust it was not presumptuous to say it) that our Lord ever answered my prayers." And his prayer for a long life was answered like all the rest of his prayers. Cardinal Newman died at the Edgbaston Oratory on Monday, 11th August 1890, and was buried at his own little estate of Rednal, under this epitaph written by himself:—

JOANNES HENRICUS NEWMAN
EX UMBRIS ET IMAGINIBUS
IN VERITATEM

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

The Church of Rome may well be proud of her conquest of Newman, for she never made spoil of a nobler foe. But what Rome gains and holds, she gains and holds not for herself alone. Men like Newman are not to be separated up to any one sect of the Church of Christ. They belong to no one denomination even when they surrender themselves to it. In the adorable providence of God, it may have been permitted and appointed that Newman should pass over into the Roman commun-

ion to do a service for God in that communion that no other living man could do. We are not able to follow out such permissions and appointments of God's providence to their ultimate end. It is enough to know that men like Newman are not their own, and that their very errors and mistakes are made to work together for good to themselves, and to many besides themselves. Rome belongs to the Risen Christ, as well as Moscow, and Geneva, and Canterbury, and Edinburgh. And He to whom we all belong will dispose of His servants, and will distribute their services, according to their talents and according to our necessities. And that, not according to our approval, but according to His own. And now, for one thing, who can tell but some open mind among ourselves may, as he hears all this, be led to say—Surely the Church of Rome must be other and better than I have been brought up to think she was, since she drew over to herself such a saint, and such a scholar, and such a man of genius, as Newman was. Well, whatever the Church of Rome is or is not, for you to say that about her is a good sign in you. I want you to be more hospitable in your heart to Rome than she is to you; more catholic than she is, more humble, more tender,

more hopeful, and altogether more charitable. I do not want any of you to be like the man in William Law who died devoid of all religion because he had spent all his life on earth in nothing else but in constant terror of Popery. And I will hope and will be sure that one result of our present appreciation of Newman together will help to lead you to something of my own mind in these matters, which I would not now lose or exchange for all the world. For, as I see and believe, our brethren in the Church of Rome have some things to teach us; but, again, we have far more important things to call to their remembrance.

> "O that thy creed were sound!" sang Newman,
> "For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
> By thy unwearied watch and varied round
> Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home."

When her creed is again sound, and when we have humbled ourselves to learn from her some of the not unneeded lessons that she has to teach us, then Ephraim shall not any more envy Judah, and Judah shall not any more vex Ephraim. Then He shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth. Who

is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners? Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.

The true Catholic, as our class-studies have been teaching us for these past years, is the well-read, the open-minded, the hospitable-hearted, the spiritually-exercised Evangelical, as he is called. He is of no sect. He is of no school. He is of no occasion. He comes of no movement. He belongs to all sects, and all sects belong to him. So far as they have any portion of Divine truth in their keeping, or any evidence of Divine grace in their walk and conversation, they are all his fellow-communicants and his brethren. How rich such men are in truth and love and hope! for all things are theirs. All men, and all books, and all churches. Whether Paul, or John, or Augustine, or Athanasius, or Dante, or Behmen, or Luther, or Calvin, or Hooker, or Taylor, or Knox, or Rutherford, or Bunyan, or But-

ler, or Edwards, or Chalmers, or Newman, or Spurgeon. And we have not a few of such Catholic Evangelicals in our pulpits, and among our people, in Scotland, and they are multiplying among us every day. And nowhere in broad Christendom does the foremost scholarship, wedded to the oldest and deepest doctrines of grace, produce such good preaching, and such receptive and believing hearing, as just in that land where Laud found no religion, and where Newman, when in his Laud-like mind, saw only Samaritan schism, somewhat alleviated by God's uncovenanted mercies.

To return once more to the *Apologia:* "In 1843 I took a very significant step. I made a formal Retractation of all the hard things which I had said against the Church of Rome." Now there was a far more significant step than that which Newman ought to have taken in 1890. But it was a step which, alas, he died without having taken. He ought to have laid his honoured head in the dust for all the slings and scoffs he had ever uttered in the pride of his heart at men whose shoe-latchet, he should have said, he was not worthy to unloose. The shoe-latchet of such men of God as Luther, and Calvin, and the Anglican Reformers, as well as Bunyan, and Newton, and Wesley, and many

more men of God, whose only offence against Newman and his sectarian and intolerant school had been that they were determined to preach no other gospel than the gospel of a sinner's free justification before God by faith on the Son of God, and on Him and on His work alone. Men to whom their Master will yet say, Well done, good and faithful servant! and that, too, in Newman's hearing. Those who are best able to speak about such matters assure us that Newman largely returned to his mother's Huguenot and Puritan faith in his last days. And I believe it. But, then, he should have said so himself, and he should have openly apologised for and repudiated all he had ever written, and had instigated others to write, to the detriment of apostolical and evangelical religion. Had he done that he would have died in the Catholic faith indeed. And then he would have had all his great gifts, with all their splendid usury, accepted when he came to offer them at the altar. As it is, "He that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." I am not Newman's judge; but if I were, I would say of him, in the language of his own Church, that he died unrepentant and unabsolved of the sin of having despised, and of having taught many

others to despise, some of the best ministers of Christ this world has ever seen.

When, then, if such thy lot, thou seest thy Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight.
And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And those two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

NEWMAN'S WORKS

NEWMAN'S WORKS

NEWMAN'S works extend altogether to some thirty-seven or thirty-eight volumes, not counting his *Tracts for the Times*. Newman's works may be described and classified as containing sermons, pure theology, pure literature, history, treatises, essays, polemics, fiction, poetry, devotions, autobiography,—and all first-rate of their kind. And, all taken together, constituting a body of intellectual workmanship that stands absolutely by itself in English literature.

The *Lyra Apostolica* was the first publication with which Newman's name was associated. "It was at Rome that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*, which appeared monthly in the *British Magazine*. The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time; we borrowed from Bunsen a Homer; and Froude chose the words in which Achilles on returning to the battle says, 'You shall know the difference, now that I am back again.'" Exactly so. It is the motto, not the title-page, that truly

describes the character of this bellicose little book. The motto is out of the *Iliad*, and, most certainly, the fierce little volume is written much more in the spirit of the *Iliad* than in the spirit of the New Testament. If you had never heard of the *Lyra Apostolica*, but had come upon it by chance, had read its title-page, and had then dipped into its contents, you would certainly have laid it down, saying, Surely never was written book worse named than this proud, scornful, ill-natured, and most anti-apostolic, ebullition! And the more you had been indoctrinated with apostolic truth, and imbued with the apostolic spirit, the more would you resent the utterly misleading title-page, however happy to the book you might think the motto and the heathen source of it. The motto is most excellent for the purpose of the *Lyra*, but the title-page is a very triumph of misnomer. Froude supplied the motto, and no little of the pugnacious and egotistical spirit of the *Lyra*; but Newman, as usual, did the most of the work, as he certainly did all the best of it. There are 179 pieces in the *Lyra* altogether; of which Newman contributed 109, Keble 46, Isaac Williams 9, Froude 8, Bowden 6, and Wilberforce 1. Bowden writes above the signature *a*, Froude above β, Keble above γ, New-

man above δ, Wilberforce above ε, and Williams above ζ. The most valuable of the pieces are those that are autobiographical of Newman, but there are other contributions of his besides the autobiographical that we would not willingly let die. They are such as Moses, The Call of David, Judaism, The Elements, Deeds not Words, and some more. But, on the other hand, there are far more, both of his and of his colleagues' contributions, that, both for their writers' sake, as well as for the sake of truth and love, had better have been buried out of sight. Newman's more personal pieces are full of religious fear, and religious doubt, and sometimes of downright religious despair; at their best they are everything but apostolical. From first to last the *Lyra* is political, ecclesiastical, clerical, sacramental, ascetic; but it is impossible to let it be called apostolical without a loud protest. You may hesitate to believe that the work of such men can, with any fairness, be called political; but that description of the book is not mine. "Do not mention it," writes Newman, "but we have hopes of making the *Lyra* an effective, quasi-political engine, without any contribution being of that character." And Mr. Holt Hutton, who loved Newman like a father, has insight and honesty enough to admit.

that several of Newman's own pieces are nothing other than "theologico-political anathemas." And Mr. Jacobs in an admirable *Athenæum* article says that "throughout Newman's Anglican period the ecclesiastical things that touched him most nearly were not things of dogma, but lay in the sphere of practical politics. At every point of his career it was some problem in the relations of Church and State that affected him most strongly. The abolition of the Irish bishoprics, the alliance of O'Connell and the Whigs,—these things, and things like these, are the turning-points of his career. Even the diplomatic reserve and economy of truth with which the world credited him for so many years were marks of the ecclesiastical statesman, not of the religious thinker." There is plenty of intellect in the *Lyra*—with such authors it could not be otherwise; plenty of scholarship of a kind; plenty of Old Testament, classical, and ecclesiastical illustration and allusion, but you will search in vain for the apostolical element in it. The *Lyra* is too much like what Augustine found the father of Newman's style to be. The author of the *Confessions* discovered everything in Cicero that was delightful, except the name of Jesus Christ. And that name of all names is far too little to

be found in the *Lyra* to let us call it, of all epithets, apostolical. The Church of England and the Church of Rome are quite sufficiently in it to admit of its being truly described as ecclesiastical, and we have the best of authority for calling it quasi-political; but, again, I will protest, not apostolical. Isaac Williams wrote a famous tract on "Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge," and the *Lyra* authors are all so many illustrations and examples of that anti-apostolical tract. For they reserve and exclude altogether the things that the Apostle always puts in the very forefront of every Epistle of his. Newman says that the movement needed boldness. So it did. And it needed some boldness in him to call the *Lyra* by the name of apostolical, unless it was so called in an economy, and in another case of the editor's irony.

Yes; call the *Lyra* Judaica, or Patristica, or Ecclesiastica, or Anglicana, but Apostolica it never is in so much as a single page. I have sought for it, but I have not found one single piece among all the 179, that I could imagine the Apostle receiving into the number of the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs that he taught his young churches to sing. Not one. I never find myself chanting a Lyra to myself

when I again come to myself in the early morning. An Olney hymn or a Wesley hymn often—'Rock of Ages,' 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' 'Just as I am,' 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' 'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,' 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' 'Come, my soul, thy suit prepare'—but never once a *Lyra Apostolica*, nor any of its school, unless it is 'New every morning is the love,' or 'Help us this and every day to live more nearly as we pray.' The *Lyra* will no doubt continue for a time to be studied and annotated by experts in English ecclesiastical history, but by very few besides. Whereas, the hymns I have named, and which are so despised by the Tractarian school, will last as long as the Church of Christ lasts. Both the *Lyra*, and the *Christian Year*, and the *Cathedral*, are the poetry of a school. A great school in its day. A scholarly school. An aristocratic school. A stately, refined, fastidious school; but still a school. A caste, as those it despises and tramples upon might well turn upon it and call it. Yes; the *Lyra* is the production of a school, of a caste, and of an occasion. Neither the *Lyra*, nor anything of its kind, is truly Christian and Catholic. You could not translate the *Lyra* into another language than the

English. It will not be intelligible to another age than that which produced it, nor to another civilisation. Whereas, wherever Paul's Epistles are preached, if they are preached with the understanding and the spirit, there the great hymns I have named will come to the mind like the mother-tongue of the Evangelical worshipper. This is not said in any depreciation of Newman, or Keble, or Williams, or any of their school. I only say this to lead you to give to the Wesleys, and Newton, and Cowper, and Toplady, and Zinzendorf, and Doddridge, and Watts, and Bonar, their unchallengeably apostolic places in your worship and in your love.

Under the title of "Schism" there are three very characteristic verses in the *Lyra* that bear on ourselves. Scotland is "Samaria," and our Presbyterian reformers and theologians are a "self-formed priesthood." Our fathers sinned in carrying out the Reformation, and we, their children, have thus lost the grace that seals "the holy apostolic line." That is to say, Knox, and Melville, and Bruce, and Rutherford, and Halyburton, and the Erskines, and Boston, and Chalmers, and M'Cheyne, were a grace-forsaken priesthood. And we, their spiritual children, can only look for the crumbs

that fall from the Catholic table. That is a specimen of the religion and the morals and the manners of the Tractarian lyre. But, then, two can play at that unchurching and excommunicating game. As thus, "We know you only as heretics," said M. Mourouvieff of the Holy Synod to William Palmer, the Tractarian deputy. "You separated from the Latin Church three hundred years ago, as the Latins had before that separated from the Greeks. We think even the Latin Church heretical, but you are an apostasy from an apostasy. You are a descent from bad to worse." And, as if taught a lesson by the Greek reception of their Tractarian envoy, or else as visited surely by the spirit of Christian wisdom and Christian love, Newman afterwards modified somewhat his "Samaria" effusion. "I still must hold that we have no right to judge of others at this day, as we would have judged of them had all of us lived a thousand years earlier. I do really think, for instance, that in the Presbyterianism of Scotland we see a providential phenomenon, the growth of a secondary system unknown to St. Austin; begun, indeed, not without sin, but continued, as regards the many, ignorantly, and compatibly with some portion of the true faith." Pitiful enough, and repre-

hensible enough, you will say, in such a man, though not quite so insolent as the original "Samaria." But Newman sometimes came to himself. And when in his old age he was revising some of the Tractarian outbursts of his arrogant and hot-headed youth, he is compelled to admit again and again that he had no justification for a great deal of the language that he employed about other men and other churches in the *Lyra*. "Their common bond is lack of truth," said Manning, to Gladstone's horror. And, really, as we read the *Lyra*, even in the cooled-down air of our remote day, we are sometimes tempted to add to our own horror, "both lack of truth and lack of love." But a truce to this. For, as Æneas replied to Achilles—

> Long in the field of words we may contend,
> Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
> Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong:
> So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
> Wounded we wound, and neither side can fail,
> For every man has equal strength to rail.

I can honestly assure you I have no pleasure in repeating to you these railings of Newman and his Tractarian allies. I have not told you nearly all, nor by any means the worst, of that

kind. I could not help telling you somewhat, if I was to tell you the truth. But you should judge of that time, and of the spirit of that time, for yourselves. And you have an admirable opportunity for studying the intellectual and moral and religious qualities of the *Lyra* at least, in a cheap, scholarly, beautiful, edition of that book just published by Messrs. Methuen, and admirably edited by Canon Scott Holland. The little volume contains, besides the editor's very able preface, an invaluable Critical Note by Professor Beeching. Critical, but on much safer and much pleasanter lines of criticism than those I have been compelled to go out upon in passing.

Very much what the *Lyra Apostolica* is in poetry, that the *Tracts for the Times* are in prose. Like the *Lyra*, the *Tracts* are the productions of several authors; like the *Lyra*, the *Tracts* are contingent and occasional; and, like the *Lyra*, they sway backwards and forwards from the very best tempers of mind and styles of writing to the very worst. The motto of the *Tracts* is not taken out of the *Iliad* indeed, but they have the same battle-note and boast of coming war in them. And, following up their warlike motto, very much the same good

qualities are found in the *Tracts* as in the poems, and very much the same bad qualities. Newman's own remarkable character; his aristocratic, refined, fastidious, severe, sometimes scornful, and sometimes fierce and reckless, temper, finds its full scope in the *Tracts*, just as it does in the whole of the Tractarian movement, and in the whole of its literature.

To begin with, we all see now that Newman, in his passionate impetuosity,—"vehement feelings" is his own expression,—rushed into the battle before he had proved his armour. He launched out into the great Tractarian enterprise very ill prepared for its difficulties and its dangers. In a very able paper printed in the *North British Review* for October, 1864, Dr. Rainy has pointed out how scandalously ill-furnished Newman was for what he set out on with such confidence. Dr. Rainy shows how little ballast Newman had on board, either of theological learning, or of a disciplined judgment, in such difficult matters. And he out on such a wide sea, swept with such storms, and liable to be suddenly struck with such unforeseen currents. "It is a fact," writes Dr. Rainy, "and not a creditable one, that, owing largely to the want of regular theological training in the English Church, there is very little

tuition, and very little literature, fitted to suggest to the minds of her young divines the range of theological responsibilities that may attach to the positions they take up, and the alternatives they embrace. And a certain allowance may be reasonable on that score." Newman himself, indeed, in his own candid and confidential way, admits as much in his *Apologia*. He confesses to us that he was "taken in" by those who should have known better, and that he, in his turn, took in others. He sometimes uses strong language about himself in this matter when in after days he is in a confidential and rhetorical mood; but Dr. Rainy's powerful paper only proves the simple and severe truth of what Newman, sometimes somewhat too jauntily, and in a literary way, admits about himself.

The first Tract has this for its title-page and headline, "Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission, respectfully addressed to the Clergy." And its author,—and there is no mistaking his pen,—commences thus: "I am but one of yourselves—a Presbyter; and therefore I conceal my name, lest I should take too much on myself by speaking in my own person. Yet speak I must; for the times are very evil, yet no one speaks against them."

Now, when a man born and brought up as Newman had been born and brought up; born and brought up in an Evangelical household, and educated for the Christian ministry, and by this time by far the foremost preacher in the English Church; and with England and Oxford in the state they were still in, notwithstanding all that Whitefield, and the Wesleys, and Newton, and Scott, had done;—when such a man begins a series of tracts addressed to his fellow-ministers in the way we have seen, I would have looked for a succession of writings that would have been meat and drink to every true minister of Jesus Christ in England. I see now that it would have been preposterous and impossible to expect such a service from a man in the fanatical and anti-evangelical spirit that Newman was in at that time. Yet it would have been but an instance of believing all things, and hoping all things, to have looked for such a result as I have described from such a commencement. With that charity in my heart, I would have looked for a nineteenth-century *Reformed Pastor* from Newman's pen; or a series of letters worthy to stand beside William Law's *Letter to a Young Minister*, or a succession of utterances like Jeremy Taylor's noble Addresses to his clergy. I would have

encouraged myself to hope that an early Tract would have been given to Bedford; and, considering the state of the rural parishes of England at that time, another to Kidderminster; and, still considering the state of the mining villages of the north, another to Wesley and his truly apostolic work. But how bitterly would my hopes have been disappointed! For, not only did the successors of those apostolic men get no help from the *Tracts*, but their New Testament preaching and pastorate were in every possible way belittled and sneered at; their defects and failures were dwelt upon, exaggerated, and held up to scorn and contempt, in a way you would not credit. Even Hooker himself, truly Evangelical as he was at heart, was so carried away with the controversy to which he had committed himself, that even he spake almost as unbecomingly of the Puritan pulpit as Newman and Froude spake. Both the high Anglican of Hooker's day, and the Tractarian of Newman's day, fell before the temptation to exalt some of the other functions of the ministerial commission above its always first, and always fundamental, function, even the immediate and urgent preaching of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. All students for the Christian pulpit, and all occupants of the

Christian pulpit, and all intelligent Christian men, should have by heart Coleridge's noble rebuke of Hooker himself in this matter. Coleridge's splendid services to Reformation and Evangelical religion have never to this day been adequately acknowledged in England. Coleridge's incomparable services as a critic and an annotator were not confined to Shakespeare and Milton. I like him best when he is writing notes on Luther, and Hooker, and Taylor, and Baxter, and Bunyan, and 'A Barrister'; but that prince of critics is nowhere better than just on Hooker in the matter in hand. Born preachers, like Hooker and Newman, will prove themselves to be born preachers, all pernicious influences notwithstanding. But the ordinary occupant of the Christian pulpit has small need to have his divine work made little of by men to whom he looks up as his masters in Israel. And when Newman escapes out of the Tractarian paddock, and gives full expression to all that is in his heart about the greatness of preaching, how nobly, how inspiringly, how memorably to all times, he speaks! How like himself! But, from some of the *Tracts*, you would actually think that the Evangelical pulpit had been an evil invention of the Puritans, and that the doctrines of grace were a device,

if not actually of the great enemy himself, then of some of those middle and half-fallen spirits of his who sometimes take possession of nations and churches, and of whom Newman has written such characteristic chapters of national and ecclesiastical demonology. At the same time, and with all that, let this be said here, and said with all possible emphasis, and with the most profound thankfulness, that the Tractarian pulpit and press are at one with the Reformed and Evangelical pulpit and press on the great foundation-stones and corner-stones of the Christian faith. On God; on the Son of God; on the sin-atoning death of the Son of God; and on the Person, if not always on the work, of the Holy Ghost. It is at this crucial question in the Westminster Shorter Catechism that the Evangelical and the Tractarian pulpits part company. This question—"How doth the Spirit apply to us the redemption purchased by Christ?" The Evangelical, and I feel sure, the Scriptural, if not the patristic and traditionary and ecclesiastical answer is by our effectual calling; that is to say, "By enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, by renewing our wills, and by persuading and enabling us to embrace Jesus Christ as He is offered to us in the Gospel." And,

then, baptism comes in, as it comes in in Scripture, as a sign and a seal of what has already been wrought by the hand of the Holy Ghost in the renewed soul. And, then, the Lord's Supper comes in from time to time to strengthen and to build up the renewed and believing soul. Whereas, the Tractarian teaching is—leaning too much, as it does, on the least Evangelical of the fathers, on the least Evangelical line of tradition—that the soul is united to Christ in baptism, when that ordinance is administered by the hand of a true priest, through whose hand alone the Holy Ghost may be expected to operate. And so begun, so on. Newman tells one of his correspondents in 1833, that he has started the *Tracts* with what he calls "an indirect inculcation of apostolical principles." But if he was quite sure that they were "apostolical principles," why did he feel any need to inculcate them indirectly? The *Lyra* also, he tells us in confidence, was undertaken "with a view of catching people when unguarded." Now, after all allowance is made for his paradoxicalness, and playfulness, and banter, in his private letters to his intimate friends, these somewhat remarkable terms of expression, in the circumstances, have their own significance. Mr. Holt Hutton, no Puritan certainly, either

in the doctrine or the discipline he preached in the *Spectator* for so long and with such attractiveness and power, while he almost worships Newman, honestly admits that the Tractarian was essentially a clerical movement—clerical to the core, is his very word about it. And he goes on to make, for him, this very remarkable admission that "the Tractarian was a much more pronounced and self-conscious, not to say almost aggressive and over-pretentious, type of sacerdotalism, than that of a Church wherein direct Apostolical Succession had been the plainly and universally avowed basis of the priesthood for nearly two thousand years." In short, that Tractarianism was more Popish than Popery itself. There is a large literature on the Notes of the True and Only Apostolic Church, and the *Tracts for the Times* belong to that literature, and are almost wholly taken up with those Notes. But, then, over against that large literature there is a not small and a not unmasterly literature on the Notes of the truly Regenerate and Gracious Soul. In Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, an English classic, there is a characteristically acute chapter on those notes and marks and tokens of such a soul. The thorough-going student of these subjects, and they will repay such a student, will do well to

master Baxter alongside of the *Tracts;* and he should add to Baxter an old Scottish classic republished the other day in Inverness, which once read, will be often returned to—*The Memoirs of James Fraser of Brea.* And I will not prejudge this matter to such a student, but will leave him to say whether or no the Tractarians are as Scriptural, and as able, and as scholarly, and as sanctifying, in their identification of the Church, as the Puritans are in their identification of the soul. Let the Anglican student master Baxter and Brea, and let the Evangelical student master the *Tracts for the Times*, and then they will judge for themselves between the Church and the soul.

Newman's sermons, of which all the world has heard the fame, are contained in twelve volumes. There are eight volumes of Parochial and Plain Sermons, one volume of Sermons on Subjects of the Day, one volume of University Sermons, and two volumes of Roman Catholic Sermons—the one volume entitled *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*, and the other *Sermons preached on Various Occasions.* The very titles of Newman's sermons are a study in homiletics. To read and ponder his simple titles is a stimulus to the mind of the ministerial reader.

A carpenter friend of mine once told me that sometimes on a Sabbath night he took down a volume of Newman's sermons just for the benefit and the delight of reading over their titles. To read Longmans' detailed catalogue of Newman's Parochial, and University, and Catholic Sermons is in itself a great lesson in pulpit literature. Looked at as pure literature, Newman's St. Mary's sermons are not far from absolute perfection; but looked at as pulpit work, as preaching the Gospel, they are full of the most serious, and even fatal, defects. With all their genius, with all their truly noble and enthralling characteristics, they are not, properly speaking, New Testament preaching at all. Even as pure literature their most serious fault steals in and infects and stains them. The very best of the sermons are continually tainted with some impertinent aside at some Evangelical truth, or at some real, or imagined, or greatly exaggerated, defects in the doctrine or in the life of the Evangelical preachers of his day. All the world knows how poor Kingsley was annihilated. But though I cannot forget his terrible punishment, neither can I forget his extraordinarily apt description of this most unpleasant feature in Newman's controversial manner, especially

in his sermons. Newman is too skilful a controversialist to discharge his assault from a catapult, as he accused Dr. Pusey of discharging his olive branch. Newman's style sings round you, musical and delicate as a mosquito's wing, and alights on you with feet as fine. In Kingsley's very words, which so detected and angered Newman, a phrase, an epithet, a little barbed arrow, will be delivered on you in passing as with his finger-tip. Nothing could be better said of Newman's treatment of Evangelical doctrines and Evangelical preachers in many of his sermons. How often his most admiring and revering reader is made to feel both pain and shame as he comes across such stains as these, and that on pages otherwise of the most perfect truth and beauty. Newman's sermons, in some respects, are simply incomparable in the literature of preaching. As an analysis of the heart of man, and as a penetrating criticism of human life, their equal is nowhere to be found. But, with all that, they lack the one all-essential element of all true preaching—the message to sinful man concerning the free grace of God. That message was the one thing that differentiated the Apostle's preaching from all the other so-called preaching of his day. And that one thing

which has been the touchstone of all true preaching ever since the Apostle's day, and will be to the end of the world, that is all but totally lacking in Newman's sermons. It is a bold thing to say, but let it be said since it is true, that the St. Mary's sermons are like the *Lyra* and the *Tracts* in this, that they are the outcome of a movement and of an occasion; and so far as they are that, they are neither truly Catholic as sermons, nor truly classical as literature. At their best they carry with them the limitations and the restrictions of a school. They are the manifestoes and the proclamations of a party, and they too often exhibit the spirit and the temper of a party. So much so, that with all their royal right and power of giving the law to English homiletical and rhetorical literature; with all their, not seldom, sovereign splendour of thought and style; and though, in all these fine qualities, they may last as long as the language lasts; at the same time, they will not be fully understood where the Tractarian movement is not understood. They will be read for their literature, as the *Lyra* and as some of the *Tracts* are read; but thousands of hints, and touches, and turns in them, directed by the preacher against the religion of the England and Scotland of his day, will only

be fully apprehended and appreciated by theologians and ecclesiastical students. When we do come on a truly Pauline and Evangelical sermon, or such a part of a sermon, what a treat it is; what a pure intellectual and spiritual joy! But how seldom that unmixed joy comes to the reader of Newman's sermons, only they know who yearn above all things to see the greatest of gifts engaged in the greatest of services.

The finer and the more fastidious your mind is, the more you will enjoy Newman's sermons. But the more burdened and broken your heart is, and especially with your secret sinfulness, the less will you find in them that which, above all things in heaven or earth, your heart needs. Had the substance and the spirit of Newman's sermons been but half as good as their style, what a treasure the St. Mary's sermons would have been to all time! As it is, they are a splendid literature in many respects; but one thing they are not, they are not what God intends the Gospel of His Son to be to all sinful and miserable men. After all is said in praise of these extraordinary sermons, this remains, that Newman's constant doctrine is that doctrine which the Apostle discarded with anathemas, —salvation by works, whether legal or evan-

gelical works. And almost more did he discard and denounce salvation by austerities, by gratuitous self-severities, and by fear rather than by faith, and that faith working by love, and peace, and joy. When I am again overtaken of one of my besetting sins; when the sorrows of death again compass me, and the pains of hell take hold of me, I never take down Newman's sermons for my recovery and my comfort. Never once. But I have a silver casket like that in which Alexander the Great carried about Homer under his pillow, and in it I keep no Lyra of all the hundred and eighty, and no Tract of all the ninety, but two or three little books that Newman and his Tractarian school never mention but with contempt and scorn. And one of these Homers of mine is that genuine apostle and minister of Jesus Christ who laid the true foundation in Hursley two hundred years before, but on which Keble, and Froude, and Newman, built up so much wood and hay and stubble. The following letter will help to illustrate what I am now saying:—

"*The Engadine; Sabbath Night.*

"Dear Mr. Smellie,—Though it is only some ten days since I read Guthrie in your delightful edition, I have returned to him to-day

to my great reassurance and peace of mind. The occasion was this. I had been working on Newman all last week. And so dazzling to me is his writing, and so unsettling is his doctrine of saving faith, that he had disconcerted and distressed me not a little ; indeed, far too much. I am as susceptible to the influence of a great author as Newman was himself. In the absence of public worship this morning my eye fell on Guthrie again, and I have spent the day with him. In his sectarian and sophistical lines on 'Samaria' Newman calls our great Scottish preachers a self-formed priesthood, and tells us that we, through our fathers' sins at the time of the Reformation, have lost the grace that runs in the Apostolic line. Now, if Guthrie has lost the doctrine and the life of grace, I do not know who has preserved that doctrine and that life, or where, among the living or the dead, I am to seek for it when in my great need of that doctrine and that life. Would that Newman had sanctified his fascinating gifts to preach to England the Gospel that William Guthrie preached to Scotland, and will preach to her as long as Scotland lasts ! Would that his fine mind had been evangelised and dedicated to such a service as 'The Great Interest.' I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed that noble book to-day.

I always enjoy it, as you know; but my class-studies last week had put me into a posture of mind and into a state of heart which, together, exceptionally prepared me for the rare enjoyment that your Guthrie has again given me. Newman's sermons are on my table, but Marshall and Guthrie are there also to more than counterbalance them. Newman is much to me; but these two books are 'my Gospel,' as Paul said, and as he would say again and again if he came into my room this Lord's day. I am as sure they are his gospel as that I have hands and feet, as Newman said about his conversion. Marshall and Guthrie always melt me and draw me back to Christ; just as Newman so often hardens me and darkens me and stumbles me, and makes Christ look stern on me, even from the crucifix. Newman, in his own way, repays me all my study of him; but it has often been at great pain to me, if not great risk and cost. Newman, if it were possible to me now, would still set me on going about to establish my own righteousness; a folly and a madness I am only too prone to fall into. But Marshall and Guthrie convince and encourage me again, that, on the spot, and at this moment, I must simply submit myself to be justified absolutely before God by the righteousness

of Another than myself, and that other God's own Son.

"Forgive this Sabbath night explosion; I could not keep it back.—Dear Mr. Editor, indebtedly yours, ALEXANDER WHYTE."

Newman's preaching—and I say it with more pain than I can express—never once touches the true core, and real and innermost essence, of the Gospel. The Epistle to the Romans, the "Acropolis," as Olshausen calls it, of the Gospel, need never have been written as far as Newman's exposition of it is concerned. The righteousness of Christ, of which that glorious Epistle is full, need never have been worked out by Him for all that those enthralled audiences in St. Mary's ever heard of it. There is a whole shining chain of Gospel texts that Newman never touches on, or only touches on them—I shrink from saying it—to misread them and misapply them. Moses was never dressed up in such ornaments before; never even in his own day and dispensation. The old lawgiver would not know himself, he is so beautified and bedecked by Newman's style. But, all the time, he is Moses. All the time, with all his ornaments, he still carries his whip of scorpions hidden away among his beautiful

garments. Do and live! Disobey and die! and he draws his sword on me as he says it. Mount of Transfiguration and all, Moses has not changed his nature one iota, nor his voice one accent, at least not as far as Newman's Oxford pulpit is concerned. "The soul that sinneth it shall die" is, somewhere or other, and in some more or less musical note or other, in every sermon of Newman's. The sinner-condemning law is his mark in every sermon, and tract, and Lyra verse, of his. So much is this the case, that when any of my class or congregation come to tell me that, at last, their sin has found them out, and ask me what book they will henceforth keep beside them for their direction and comfort,—do you think I ever give them Newman's *Lectures on Justification*, or even a volume of his *Parochial and Plain Sermons?* I wish I could. I have given not a few of Newman's books to young men in other circumstances, and at other stages,—*The Idea of a University*, *The Historical Sketches*, *The Athanasius*, *The University Sermons*, *The Gerontius*, and so on; but never one of his beautiful books to a broken-hearted and inconsolable sinner. I have often given to men in dead earnest, books of the heart and soul that Newman and his Tractarian school would scorn to name: *The Pilgrim's*

Progress, *Grace Abounding*, *The Ten Virgins*, *Christ Dying*, *The Trial and Triumph of Faith*, *The Gospel Mystery*, *The Cardiphonia*, *The Force of Truth*, *The Marrow*, *Chalmers's Life*, *Halyburton's Life*, *Boston's Life*, *M'Cheyne's Life*, *The Olney Hymns*, a sermon of Spurgeon's, a tract of Ryle's; but a volume of Newman's never; no nor the *Lyra Apostolica*, nor even the *Christian Year*.

Newman's Tractarian and unevangelical preaching always sends me back to his conversion. You know what he says about his conversion himself, and in what memorable English. I will not venture to tell you all that I sometimes think and feel about that conversion. I will not take it upon me to say that Newman never was, root and branch, mind and conscience, imagination and heart, completely converted and completely surrendered up to Jesus Christ, the alone Redeemer and Righteousness of sinful men. Only, I have sometimes pictured to myself what an eloquent, impressive, and unanswerable case the author of the *Apologia* could have made out against himself ever having been apostolically and evangelically converted at all,—had he set himself to make out such a case. And if, in his restless versatility of mind, Newman had ever turned

to be an Agnostic, say, and had he then gone back, and reviewed, and examined, and repudiated, his position and his experience as a convert to Christ, as he has reviewed, and examined, and repudiated, his position and his experience as an Anglican; had he added another chapter of retractation and explanation to his Autobiography, he could easily have made out an unanswerable case against the reality and the validity of what he had at one time rejoiced in as his complete and abiding conversion. He would have admitted that he became a genuine Theist, even in his boyhood, if ever there was a Theist. He would have copied into his second *Apologia* that classical page in his first *Apologia*, in which he tells us with what intensity of faith and feeling he came to realise to himself the existence and the omnipresence of God. And how, from that profound and overpowering conviction and impression of the presence of God, his heart never swerved for one hour. And not only was he a great believer in the existence and the nearness of Almighty God; but, as time went on, and as his patristic studies began to bear their proper fruit, he came to believe also, and to preach, those two foundation doctrines of the Christian faith—our Lord's Divine Sonship and His sub-

stitutionary and sin-atoning death—as they have seldom, if ever, been preached. But Newman would have claimed for his honesty, and it would have given him a fine scope for his subtlety of mind and for his delight in distinctions, to have made it out to demonstration that, at his best, he never went further than the strictly limited doctrine of the Fathers on the Person and the Work of Christ. And the real distinction, and characteristic difference, of a Pauline convert, he would have pressed upon us, is not that he luminously believes in the existence and the nearness of his Creator, and his Lawgiver, and his Judge: or even in the Incarnation and Atonement of the Son of God, and then submits himself to a life of self-chosen austerities and self-denials; but he is the true Pauline believer who submits himself, as Paul could not get his converts to do, and to continue to do, to be justified before God, first and last, by the imputed righteousness of the Son of God, and by that alone. Newman could easily have filled an unanswerable chapter of his new *Apologia* with a long catena of passages out of his St. Mary's sermons, in which, with all his winning eloquence, and with all his silencing argumentations, he persistently put forward works where Paul puts faith; and merit where

Paul puts grace; and doubt and fear where Paul puts love and hope and full assurance. Passage after passage in which he employed all his incomparable powers of sarcasm against the Reformation preaching of Paul's palmary doctrine of justification by faith alone; a doctrine that the chief of the Apostles protested continually was his special and peculiar Gospel; and, indeed, that there is no other Gospel to be called a Gospel. Newman could have boldly and successfully defied any Lutheran or Calvinist of us all, to point out one single sermon of his on the righteousness of Christ, or on faith, or on love, that we could suppose Paul preaching, or sitting still to hear preached. How could a man be truly converted, Newman would have triumphantly demanded, at any rate, as you Lutherans and Calvinists call conversion, who wrote a whole eloquent volume utterly to discredit Luther, and Calvin, and the other Reformers, and never retracted it? "If Luther is right," Newman would have said in his own dialectic and dilemma way, "then I never stood within a standing Church at all. For Luther will have nothing to do, as he continually exclaims, with a God who is not, first and last, to be found in Christ, and to be treated with only in Christ. And so much as the

name of Christ, as all my readers must have seen, is not once to be found in all the impressive record of my supposed conversion; much less His imputed and sinner-justifying righteousness." If Newman had changed again, and had lived to write a chapter like that, he would have written it ten times stronger than that, and in a hundred times more unanswerable English. No; Newman never was converted as John Wesley, say, was converted. And as a consequence, among all Newman's St. Mary's sermons, he never preached a single sermon like John Wesley's famous St. Mary's sermon on the text, "By grace ye are saved through faith." A sermon preached in all the fulness and freshness of Wesley's at last full, and still fresh, conversion. All men, says Coleridge, are born either Platonists or Aristotelians, and what they are once born, with all their changes, they remain and die. And Newman, in the matter of Pauline truth, was born what he died. Evangelical birth and upbringing, so-called Calvinistic conversion, and all, Newman's very heart of hearts never, to the day of his death, got her complete divorce, to use Paul's great word, from the dominion of the law. Newman's Maker, and Lawgiver, and Judge was, all his days, far more self-

luminous to Newman than his only Redeemer with His sin-cleansing blood, and with His sinner-justifying righteousness. He tells us himself that He who is our only peace was always severe to him, even on the crucifix. Newman never, to the day of his death, was dead to the law by the body of Christ, as Paul was, and as Luther was, that man after Paul's own heart. But, then, Luther was not a "Father," he was only "the founder of a school." And how could Newman, a born Romanist, surrender himself to the teaching of the deadliest enemy that ever rose up against Rome since Paul rose up and wrote his Epistles to the Romans and to the Galatians?

Every intelligent Evangelical will be forward to admit how much the Evangelical pulpit needed in Newman's day, and still needs, all Newman's genius, all his scholarship, all the winningness of his character, and all his rare and splendid talents, in order to commend the Gospel message to men of taste, as John Foster has said. And had Newman but run as well as he began, what a rank he would have attained to in the Church of Christ! Had he kept true to his first faith, and had he devoted his superb abilities to the enriching and the ennobling of the Evangelical faith and life and literature of

England, what a long-shining name he would have left behind him; and that not only in the world of letters, but above all, in the true Church of Christ—the Church of Christ Reformed and Evangelical! At this point take these two letters written in 1826, while as yet he was preaching Evangelical sermons and sending them now and then to his Huguenot mother to read. "I assure you," his happy mother writes, "your sermons are a real comfort and delight to me. They are what I think sermons ought to be—to enlighten, to comfort, to correct, to support, to strengthen. It is, my dear, a great gift to see so clearly the truths of religion; still more, to be able to impart the knowledge to others." "These tender and happy mother's letters," says his sister, in editing his Correspondence, "are given for a purpose which the reader will understand as time advances. Even now their tone is too confiding to be allowed to pass without some touch of warning." And his sister introduces the following passage from one of Newman's letters to his mother as a touch of warning: "I am pleased you like my sermons. I am sure I need not caution you against taking anything I say on trust. Do not be run away with by any opinion of mine.

I have seen cause to change my mind in some respects, and I may change again." Not a very happy letter for a mother to read from the hand of a minister-son. But, as his sister says, it was intended as a touch of warning of what might come to his mother hereafter. And which came, only too soon, to her great sorrow.

"In my *University Sermons* there is a series of discussions upon the subject of Faith and Reason; these, again, were the tentative commencement of a great and necessary work, viz. an inquiry into the ultimate basis of religious faith, prior to the distinction into creeds." Now, it is not the ultimate basis of faith, but the proximate outcome and finishing work of faith, that I specially take to do with; and neither in his *University Sermons*, nor in his *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, does Newman give me any help at all in that. I cannot follow him into his philosophical discussions as to all the relations of faith and reason. Dr. Martineau, Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Abbott, and others, have descended into that deep arena, and, to my mind, they have won the battle. Let the debate be read by all who are interested in it, and are able to read it. The subject of the ultimate basis of faith is beyond my

powers. That is not my region at all. I lose myself down there. I cannot keep my feet down there. It is altogether out of my depth. But as much as these champions complain to have found Newman at fault in those deep places, as much do I complain against him up in my own field. Newman is always assailing and blaming reason. Now, my reason is all right. My reason partakes indeed in the universal debility of my whole inner man; but the seat of my evil is not in my reason, but in my heart. If my heart were as sound in its offices and operations as my reason, I would be nothing short of a saint. But I have an evil heart of unbelief, that even my reason continually condemns and abhors. And it is in helping me with the unbelief of my heart that Newman so fails me. With the unbelief of my heart, that is, as regards its highest and best Object, Jesus Christ, as my righteousness and my strength. "The relation of faith to reason," says Dr. Martineau, "is traced by Newman with a fineness and general truth of discrimination that remind us of Butler. Newman does not narrow faith to the Lutheran dimensions, that is to say, to denote a reliant affection toward a person; to imply a grace peculiar to the Christian and Jewish dispensations." And I

find Baur in his great book on Paul employing the very same word, though with another motive. "Thus," he says, "the object of faith is narrowed in Paul stage by stage; and in proportion as this is done, the faith becomes more intense and inward. From mere theoretical assent it becomes a practical trust in which the man's deepest needs find expression till it has for its object the Blood of Christ." Now, in these passages Dr. Martineau and Dr. Baur have supplied me with the very expression that will best bring to a point the great fault I find with Newman; and that not in his *University and Philosophical Sermons* only, but quite as much in his *Parochial and Plain Sermons*. No; Newman does not narrow the faith he preaches to the Pauline and Lutheran dimensions. Would God he did! Would God he did narrow; or, rather, did exalt, and did perfect, and did finish, faith, and make it to find its everlasting rest and its reliant and affiant operation and affection in Jesus Christ! In that Person for whom, from its ultimate basis, on to its most exquisite finish and most perfect fulness, faith is created in the mind and in the heart of every true believer. The true and perfect faith of the Pauline theology and anthropology, embraces, to begin with, both Butler's

and Newman's and Martineau's philosophical faith. But true saving faith still ascends in Baur and in Luther, with adoring eyes and uplifted hands, to embrace Jesus Christ as He is offered to such faith in the Gospel. And this faith, or rather the heart in which such faith is seated, casts itself upon Jesus Christ with a love, and an assurance, and a peace that passes all understanding; of which love and assurance and peace Newman has next to nothing to say to me in all his sermons. Saving faith is such, and is so divine, both in its origin, in its operations, and in its results, that nothing, not the best thing in heaven or in earth, will ever be permitted to take its place. All the works, both legal and evangelical, that Jew, or Greek, or Papist, or Tractarian, or Puritan, ever performed, will not be permitted to take the place of faith alone, and will not be allowed to invade its great province, no, not by a hair's-breadth. Because that would be invading Christ alone. Work, fast, pray, afflict body and mind and heart, and all else that terror and love ever led you to do, all is but loss compared with faith; in other words, compared with Christ. Faith first, faith last, faith always, faith only; in other words, Christ. Luther and the great Puritans have taught a

far away more Scriptural and a far away more Evangelical doctrine of faith and of Christ than is to be found in the very best of Newman's sermons. And it is a faith, as I have said, whose enemy and opposite is not reason at all; but is an evil heart, full of doubt and fear of God, and of unbelief against God's Son. A faith, indeed, that works by love; but, better than that, it works and has its greatest triumphs, when love is dead; for it restores our dead love to newness of life. A faith that performs feats in the soul, and for the salvation of the soul, that love, at its best, could not attempt. No; true faith is never the enemy of anything that is worthy to be called reason. True faith is the enemy of a corrupt, a proud, an ungodly, and an unchristian heart, and the enemy of that heart alone.

Newman's two volumes of Roman Catholic sermons are in many ways very unlike his Anglican sermons. Over and above the new note of certitude and finality that was to be expected in them; over and above the complete disappearance of that provisional, precautionary, pioneering, attitude that Newman so much took up in his St. Mary's sermons; there are some other new features in his Catholic sermons

that both surprise the student of Newman's mind, and demand his explanation of these remarkable alterations in Newman's mind and work. For one thing, there is far less bitterness and unfairness to his opponents when he becomes controversial. His temper has improved. He is more genial, if not more generous. The too frequent tone of irritation and impatience; the far too frequent slings of scorn and contempt have all but vanished. Also, his pulpit wings now spread out and bear the preacher aloft, as never before. He has a far larger horizon before the eye of his imagination, and he surveys a far larger scope behind, and before, and all around. At his best he was a tethered eagle in St. Mary's pulpit; he is now the untrammelled sovereign of the whole spiritual sky. To use his own words about himself—formerly he was like a traveller by night, calculating and guessing his way over a morass, losing all his confidence, if not all his hope. But the Kindly Light that he so pathetically invoked when he was still in the midst of the morass, has now risen upon the wayfarer and has led him to his rest, and his Catholic sermons are the product and the evidence of that rest. If there was a restraint of thought and of style in Newman's Oxford sermons, there was in

them a refinement and a delicacy also that has all but wholly disappeared from the Birmingham and Dublin sermons. And in the removal of both the restraint and the refinement and the delicacy, there has entered in the room of these qualities a new freedom of treatment, a new movement as of a great drama, a new breadth and depth of colour; an abandonment, so to speak, to the truth in hand; a surrender up of himself to the full possession of the passion that the sight of "the last things" should produce, as he holds, in every preacher. The terrific sermon on the "Neglect of Divine Warnings," for instance, has a sweep of imagination and a licence of utterance in it that makes the reader shudder to hold it before his eyes. Jonathan Edwards's tremendous sermon on "Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God" is the only sermon at all like Newman's awful sermon in the English language, or, I should think, in any other language spoken among living men. "The Mental Sufferings of our Lord in His Passion," is another ever-memorable sermon of Newman's Catholic pulpit, that has nothing at all like it among his English Church sermons, or only a sentence or two at most. "The Motive of the Preacher," also "Paul's Gift of Sympathy," and "The Religion of the

Pharisee," may all be mentioned as sermons full of Newman's later and more magnificent manner; full of his completely emancipated, if somewhat overworked, power. And there is sometimes, withal, a certain momentary return to something like the kind of sermon that so satisfied his mother in her son's pre-Tractarian days. But that return does not long remain.

Newman's volume on Justification is to me the most Newman-like of all his spoken work. It gathers up into itself all his power, all his beauty, all his virtues, and all his vices. What English!—I exclaim continually as I read it. What iridescent, dazzling, elusive, charming writing! And, at the same time, how provoking, and how intended to provoke! Full of that irony which he admits he was accustomed to use to dull men, but always beautiful; always very beauty itself. And absolutely invaluable to the thorough-going divinity student; for he will find the greatest and best of all his pulpit subjects here set before him in every possible light. And he will find this also, that if there are any loose links in his Evangelical doctrine of justification by faith alone, he will find those loose links detected and exposed in this book with the most merciless satire, and with the

most matchless literary skill. So much so, that he who holds to this supreme apostolic doctrine after reading Newman, will hold it as he never held it before. He will both understand, and hold, and love, and preach, that doctrine of doctrines as never before. And what more can be said in favour of any book, true, half-true, or wholly false? From one point of view Newman's Justification is an entirely dialectical book; again, it is an entirely mystical book; again, a most spiritual book; and yet again, a most sophistical and mischievous book. A perfect mirror of the nature and the working of its author's many-sided, arbitrary, and anomalous mind, especially when he is engaged in controversy with Evangelical truth. How any man of Newman's spirituality of mind, knowledge of his own heart, and exquisiteness of insight into the infinite holiness of God's law, could, in any way, or at any time, or in any degree, stake his standing before the judgment-seat of God, on anything he could suffer, or perform, or attain to, in this world, is a mystery and an amazement to me, beyond what I can express. Indeed, this is the supreme mystery of Newman's mysterious mind to me. Had it been almost any one else, I would have said that, simply, the holy law of God had never really

entered that man's heart who could write of sin and the pardon of sin as Newman sometimes writes. Again and again, he says things about sin, at the reading of which I stand absolutely astounded,—that Newman, of all men, should say such things. Till I fall back on his self-confessed way of speaking ironically, and in raillery, even on the most solemn subjects; especially when he has Evangelical preaching in his scornful eye. Also, the doctrinal system to which he had surrendered himself has no little to account for in its twist and perversion of such a splendidly spiritual mind. "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey."

Hooker is the greatest name in the English Church. If the English Church has a master in theology, Hooker is that universally acknowledged master of the best English theology in the best English prose. And this is his masterpiece passage on Justification. And a passage in which he is absolutely at one with Paul and Luther, even as all truly Evangelical preachers are at one with him:—

"CHRIST HATH MERITED RIGHTEOUSNESS FOR AS MANY AS ARE FOUND IN HIM. AND

IN HIM GOD FINDETH US, IF WE BE FAITHFUL; FOR BY FAITH WE ARE INCORPORATED INTO HIM. THEN, ALTHOUGH WE BE IN OURSELVES ALTOGETHER SINFUL AND UNRIGHTEOUS, YET EVEN THE MAN WHO IS IN HIMSELF IMPIOUS, FULL OF INIQUITY, FULL OF SIN; HIM BEING FOUND IN CHRIST THROUGH FAITH, AND HAVING HIS SIN IN HATRED THROUGH REPENTANCE, HIM GOD BEHOLDETH WITH A GRACIOUS EYE; PUTTETH AWAY HIS SIN BY NOT IMPUTING IT; TAKETH QUITE AWAY THE PUNISHMENT DUE THEREUNTO, BY PARDONING IT; AND ACCEPTETH HIM IN CHRIST JESUS, AS PERFECTLY RIGHTEOUS AS IF HE HAD FULFILLED ALL THAT IS COMMANDED HIM IN THE LAW; SHALL I SAY MORE PERFECTLY RIGHTEOUS THAN IF HIMSELF HAD FULFILLED THE WHOLE LAW? I MUST TAKE HEED WHAT I SAY, BUT THE APOSTLE SAITH, 'GOD MADE HIM TO BE SIN FOR US, WHO KNEW NO SIN, THAT WE MIGHT BE MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD IN HIM.' SUCH WE ARE IN THE SIGHT OF GOD THE FATHER, AS IS THE VERY SON OF GOD HIMSELF. LET IT BE COUNTED FOLLY, OR PHRENSY, OR FURY, OR WHATSOEVER. IT IS OUR WISDOM, AND OUR COMFORT: WE CARE FOR NO KNOWLEDGE IN THE WORLD BUT THIS, THAT MAN HATH SINNED, AND GOD HATH

SUFFERED: THAT GOD HATH MADE HIMSELF THE SIN OF MEN, AND THAT MEN ARE MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD."

Would that Newman had subscribed and stood to that, and had preached that in his own best English!

Newman's ostensibly controversial works are a very treasure-house of good things to the student who knows how to search for them. The intricate man will never be fully understood till his controversial works have been consecutively and sympathetically explored. There is no other writer whose controversial works will prove so repaying to the student, unless it is the still more repaying controversial works of William Law. And Law and Newman are alike in this, and are alone in this, that whatever be the immediate matter in dispute, both these great writers give their readers such rifts, and glimpses, and flashes, into the highest truths, and bring those truths to bear with such impressiveness on the matter in hand. And they both display such a trained and polished mind in their polemics, that their controversial writings will remain English literature of a very high and a very rare order. One great interest to us of Newman's polemical

writings lies in the continually fluid and mobile state of his own mind; while, all the time, he is taking up the most fixed and the most final attitude of mind toward the men and the matters in debate. This also makes his controversial works a study of himself to us; how his passions largely decide and fix his standing-ground for the time; and, then, how his imagination—and such an imagination; and, then, his argumentative talents—and such argumentative talents—all come in to fortify, and to defend, and to make warlike and aggressive, every present position of his. Dante boasts somewhere that language has never led him to say what he had not beforehand determined to say. Now I question if Newman would have been bold enough, at his boldest, to say that. For, first his likes and dislikes, and then his imagination, and then his self-seductive style—we cannot shut our eyes as we see all these things, completely sweeping Newman himself away into utterances and attitudes he did not intend, and almost sweeping us away with him. With all that, if the student of Newman has sufficient patience, and temper, and taste for letters, and a sufficient appreciation of the gleams and glimpses of the loftiest truths that are never long absent from anything that New-

man writes, he will find his master's most sectarian, and, at first sight, most unattractive-looking, treatises full of illustrations of their author's character; full of the overflowing resources of his mind; and full of things the enriched student will never forget; however occasional, and perhaps ephemeral, and even worse, the character of the original controversy in hand may be in itself.

It would be well worth any student of natural science to compare Newman and Darwin in their *Development* books. Newman's categories are, to my mind, even more suggestive and philosophical than Darwin's are, or those of any of his successors. Newman's extraordinary intellectual strength, originality, amazing versatility, and inexhaustible resource of mind, all come out in an entrancing way in this wonderful, even if almost entirely baseless, book. Reading the *Development* always makes me wish that Newman had given his great gifts to showing us how the doctrines of grace, as we find them in Paul's Epistles, were elaborated in the Apostle's mind. Under what impulses, inspirations, sanctions, assistances, assurances, the Apostle's mind worked, till the outcome of it all is what it is, and will be to the end of

Evangelical time. What a contribution, what a Tract to all time, that would have been! Dr. Sanday has said that only Newman could have written a Life of Jesus Christ to satisfy us in our day. And I will add, only Newman could have treated Paul, and his development of doctrine, as Paul is still waiting to be treated. Instead of that,—what a waste of labour! What a lost opportunity!

Everybody has read Macaulay's *Essays*, and Carlyle's *Essays*, but not one in a thousand knows so much as the very existence of Newman's *Essays*, his *Historical Sketches*, and his *Discussions and Arguments*. Even to advertise some of the contents of Newman's six splendid volumes, and to call attention to some of the rare intellectual workmanship contained in those six volumes, is a service which any man like myself may well be proud to perform. His essay on "Aristotle's Poetics," his essay on "John Davison," his essay on "John Keble," his *Times* articles on "The Tamworth Reading-Room," his "Who's to blame for the disasters of the Crimean War?" his criticism of *Ecce Homo*, his succession of papers on *The Church of the Fathers*, and his twenty chapters on Universities, besides his many ec-

clesiastical articles,—all make up a body of literature of the very finest quality. The very dedications, advertisements, and prefaces, are well worth our study for their charming courtesy and for their beauty of style. The advertisement to *The Church of the Fathers* has been well described as "a very gem, both of thought and expression." The paragraphs on translation in that advertisement are simply canonical to the classical scholar. The whole piece is always to be read alongside of Matthew Arnold's delightful little book on translating Homer. Were Newman's Essay on Poetry, or his Milman, or his Davison, or his *Ecce Homo*, or his *La Mennais*, or his Tamworth Letters, to appear in any periodical of our day, every one would hail the entrance of a new writer in the intellectual arena, soon to prove himself to be the possessor of the clearest of eyes, the supplest of arms, and the noblest of minds. So much so, that a young political or literary aspirant could have no better advice given to him than to study Newman's Essays and Discussions night and day. For, let any young man of real capacity once master Newman's methods of exposition, discussion, and argumentation; his way of addressing himself to the treatment of a subject; his way of en-

tering upon a subject, worming his way to the very heart of it, working it out, and winding it up; his exuberance of allusion, and yet every word of it for illustration, and never one word of it for mere embellishment; and, withal, the nobleness of his heart in all that he writes: any new writer studying Newman's intellectual workmanship would soon make his presence and his power felt in any of our newspapers or magazines. And let any theological student read Davison's *Remains*, and his beautiful book on *Prophecy*, and then go into Newman's review of Davison, and a lifelong impression of the best kind cannot fail to be made on that student's mind. And then the splendid sketch of University life in ancient Athens,—there is nothing so brilliant anywhere else to be read; and that, again, will lead the reader up to the universally-accepted masterpiece on that whole subject, *The Idea of a University;* the first reading of which is always an epoch in every university man's life. And that student of letters who has not yet read the lecture on "Literature," and that student of theology who has not yet read the lecture on "Preaching," have both a treat before them that I would envy them for, were it not that the oftener I read those two lectures I always enjoy them

the more. For, how enlightening, how captivating, are those two or three pages in which Newman takes Sterne's eulogium on the style of Holy Scripture for a text, and then proceeds to the vindication of the style of the classical writers. Read attentively the lecture on "Literature," and if you are not simply captivated, you need read no more in Newman. Read his "University Preaching"; and unless your heart burns within you, you may depend upon it you have mistaken your call to the Christian pulpit. Those University papers, especially, are yet another illustration of that liberating, broadening out, and exuberating, of Newman's mind which reveals itself in so many of his Catholic compositions. If the Catholic University movement had left no other result than those two brilliant volumes, not Ireland and Rome only, but all the other Churches, and English literature itself, would be the great and lasting gainers.

As Coleridge would say, Let every theological student sell his bed and buy Newman's *Athanasius*. The great antagonist of the Arians was Newman's favourite Father, even more than Augustine himself. Mr. Arthur Hutton tells us that when Leo XIII. made sundry pronouncements in favour of an almost exclusive

use of the writings of St. Thomas, and the Cardinal was in duty bound to write to His Holiness approving and praising his action, he slipped in a saving clause, claiming that St. Athanasius was doubtless included in the Papal recommendation. Athanasius is always "the great Athanasius" to Newman, and a page could easily be filled with this and many other epithets and titles of honour and admiration that his translator and annotator has bestowed upon his patristic master. But it is not so much *Athanasius*, with all his services, that I wish all students to possess, as Newman's volume of *Notes on the Select Treatises*. The way that Newman introduces his little articles—little in bulk, but bullion itself in value—will make every true student hunger to have them: "I had hoped that this would be my least imperfect work, but I have done my best, bearing in mind that I have no right to reckon on the future." And this also: "These annotations are written, *pro re natâ*, capriciously, or, at least, arbitrarily, with matter which the writer happens to have at hand, or knows where to find, and are composed in what may be called an undress, conversational style; and the excuse for these defects is that they are mere appendages to the text, and ancillary to it." Do not

believe him. Athanasius wrote in order to give occasion to Newman to translate, and edit, and annotate, his writings. Buy or beg Newman's *Annotations to the Select Treatises of Athanasius.*

No one can feel the full force of Newman's great sermons on "The Incarnation," and on "The Atoning Death of God the Son," who has not gone with Newman behind the sermons and up to the sources of the sermons in Athanasius, and in Basil, and in Cyril. The greatest and the most sure to be lasting of Newman's sermons are just his rich Athanasian Christology poured into the mould of his incomparable homiletic, and delivered with all that overpowering solemnity to which all who ever heard those sermons have testified. Such sermons would not have been possible, even in Newman's pulpit, had it not been that he was absolutely taken possession of by the Apostolic and Athanasian Christology. And this leads me to make an acknowledgment to you that I have often made to myself in reading Newman's more theological and Christological sermons. Newman deserves this acknowledgment and praise above all other expositors of the Fathers and the great Creeds that have ever spoken or written on those high subjects. This acknowledgment and praise,

that what he so truly says of Hooker is in every syllable of it still more true of himself: "About Hooker there is the charm of nature and reality. He discourses not as a theologian, but as a man; and we see in him what otherwise might have been hidden—poetry and philosophy informing his ecclesiastical matter." Now, read Pearson, say, a master as he is, on any article of the Apostle's Creed, especially any article of his on the Divine Persons, and then read a sermon of Newman's on the same subject, and you will get a lesson in thinking and in writing and in preaching in English that you will never forget. Newman delivers all his readers ever after from a cold, dry, notional, technical, catechetical mind, he so makes every article of the Creed a very fountain of life and power and beauty. He so lifts up his own superb imagination to its noblest use, that he makes, first himself, and then makes us to see, the Divine Persons, and their Divine relations and operations, as never before. Till all our Creeds and Confessions and Catechisms become clothed with a majesty, and instinct with a beauty, and welling over with personal applications and comforts, new, and unexpected, and ever-abiding. His two grand sermons in his sixth volume—"Christ the Son of God made

Man" and "The Incarnate Son a Sufferer and a Sacrifice," may be pointed out as two splendid illustrations of Newman's incomparable power of making the highest doctrines imaginatively to abide with us, and to abide full of the most homiletical and most home-coming expositions and applications.

As to Newman's two novels,—it goes without saying that both *Loss and Gain* and *Callista* contain brilliant and memorable passages. *Callista*, especially, contains not a few pages that are entirely classical. The description of the scene where the work is laid; the oft-quoted locust-passages; and the conversation on Tartarus held between Cæcilius and Callista,—a passage that William Law himself might have written; and, I am not sure that even Newman would ever have written those masterly pages, unless William Law had written on the same subject before him. As to the trustworthiness of *Callista*,—when the critics charge its author with violating historical truth, and with the importation of Popish developments of doctrine and life into a third century sketch, Newman frankly admits the charge. Indeed, he cannot deny it. This is how he defends himself from a similar charge in his

advertisement to *The Church of the Fathers:* "It is plain that as to the matter of these Sketches, though mainly historical, they are in their form and character polemical, as being directed against certain Protestant ideas and opinions. This consideration must plead for certain peculiarities which it exhibits, such as its freedom in dealing with saintly persons, the gratuitous character of some of its assertions, and the liberality of many of its concessions. It must be recollected that, in controversy, a writer grants all that he can afford to grant, and avails himself of all that he can get granted; in other words, if he seems to admit, it is mainly for argument's sake; and if he seems to assert, it is mainly as an *argumentum ad hominem.* As to positive statements of his own, he commits himself to as few as he can; just as a soldier on campaign takes no more baggage than is enough, and considers the conveniences of home life as only impediments in his march." As long as Hippocleides can write in that way, what chance has Charles Kingsley, or even the truth itself, with Hippocleides! Altogether, *Loss and Gain* and *Callista* are not at all worthy of their author's genius and character. He should have been advised against reprinting them. They might pass at the time of their

composition for veiled polemical pamphlets, but they can do no real and abiding good. They certainly do not add to Newman's reputation, either for literary ability, or for historical integrity, or for controversial fairness. I never took to his two novels, and I do not recommend you to read them, unless for the light they throw on their author. But, then, that light is not little. For, as Dr. Abbott says, *Loss and Gain* and *Callista* are "the most subjective of novels."

What Coleridge has said about Jeremy Taylor's composition of his *Apology* is exactly, and exquisitely, and prophetically, true of Newman in the composition of his book of the same name. "Taylor so again and again forgets that he is reasoning against an antagonist, that he falls into conversation with him as a friend—I might almost say into the literary chitchat and unwithholding frankness of a rich genius whose sands are seed-pearl." The *Apologia pro vitâ suâ* could not possibly be better described. It is just a literary chitchat whose sands are seed-pearl. For it is a chitchat rather than a studied composition. That is, it has been studied and studied, and written and rewritten, to such a finish that it reads to us like

chitchat, so perfect, so exquisite, is its art. And, like Taylor's very richest writing, Newman's *Apologia* has all the charm of a rich genius conversing confidingly with his most intimate friends. I am not to attempt the praise of the *Apologia* as English literature. I could fill a volume as large as itself with its praises by the acknowledged judges of good books. They are all agreed as to the *Apologia* being the brilliant crown of a brilliant series of literary masterpieces. And, besides all that, as a piece of polemic; as the apology it was intended to be; it is as conclusive and unanswerable as it is incomparable as a piece of English literature. The *Apologia* carried the whole world captive in a day. Never was there such a sudden and such a complete reversal of men's judgments. It may well stand on the title-page of the *Apologia:* "Commit thy way to the Lord, and trust in Him, and He will do it. And He will bring forth thy justice as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday." At the same time, like so much of its author's work, it bears the stamp of an occasion on its face, and no work of that kind will ever become immortal. The immortal Ecclesiastical Polity itself is preserved to all time, in virtue of those books which are imbedded in it, and which do not properly belong

to it. Those books, and chapters of books, which rise above time, and all its polemic, and belong to eternity. Even as an autobiography the *Apologia* does not stand in the first rank. *The Confessions* does, the *Grace Abounding* does, *The Reliquiæ* even, in many of its chapters, does. Ay, even such homely books as Halyburton, and Brea, and Boston, stand in the first rank to us, because, even where their style may not be the most classical, and even when those writers are the most homely, their subject-matter is of such transcendent and everlasting importance. Newman's splendid vindication of his ecclesiastical honesty is of a high importance and a rare relish to all his readers; but there is a region far higher than even that, and a region into which his *Apologia* never once enters. It glances, in passing, into that region of regions, but only in passing. And, never really entering into that inner and upper region, it has none of the interest, and none of the perennial importance and power, that many autobiographies have which cannot for a moment compete with the *Apologia* in literary charm. He would be a bold man who would venture to correct Newman's English, even in a jot or a tittle, else I would propose to read "ecclesiastical" where he has written "religious" on his title-page.

For the *Apologia* is really a history of his ecclesiastical opinions, and not at all of his religious opinions; or it is a history of his religious opinions only so far as they bear upon his ecclesiastical opinions, and upon his ever-shifting ecclesiastical positions. There are, to be sure, single entrancing sentences of experimental religion in the *Apologia*, but the bulk of the book is in the region of ecclesiastical opinion, and not always the highest region of that. "The *Apologia*," says Froude, "is the most beautiful of autobiographies, but it tells us only how its writer appeared to himself." And, I will add, only how its writer appeared to himself from time to time as a Churchman, which is a very different thing from a man, a sinful man, and a Christian man. I read, and read, and read again, the *Apologia*, but it always leaves me where first it found me so many years ago. Nobody enjoys the *Apologia* more than I enjoy it, but I get nothing beyond intellectual, and artistic, and emotional, enjoyment out of it. I am not a stronger or a better man after again reading the *Apologia*. It never sends me back to the stern battle of my life with my harness better fastened on, or to my pulpit with any new sense of spiritual power. It affords me amusement of the rarest and finest kind; it

gives me a high intellectual and artistic treat; but it does not dwell and work within my heart as some other autobiographical books dwell and work, that I am ashamed to name in such classical company. But I must always remember what, exactly, the *Apologia* is, and what it is not. It is not a religious book at all, but an ecclesiastical. It is not a spiritual book at all, but a dialectical. It is not a book of the very soul, but of what is to be said as between this Church and that. Its author does not say, like John Bunyan, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul"; and, therefore, I must not expect what he does not promise. And thus it is that I never lay down the *Apologia* without finding myself exclaiming,—Oh, that all that so captivating talent had been laid out on how Newman, like Paul, won Christ so as to be found in Him, instead of how he won his way to Rome so as to be found in her. For, then, he would have produced a book that would have stood beside the two or three best books of that kind in all the world. Then Newman's *Apologia* would have stood beside Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*. And, then, I would have sung "Lead, Kindly Light," with a liberty, and with a sense of communion with its author,

that, by his *Apologia*, he has completely taken away from me.

In the *Grammar of Assent*, as Mr. Augustine Birrell says, Newman strikes the shield of John Locke, and it is not for me to venture in between such combatants. But I may be permitted to say this, that the *Grammar of Assent* has been a prime favourite of mine ever since the year 1870, when it was first published. There is more of the jargon of the schools in *The Grammar* than in all Newman's other books taken together. But, then, to make up for that, there are many passages of a high and noble eloquence that he has never surpassed. This very able book, when stripped of its technicalities, is simply an amplification, in Newman's perfect English, of the truth that it is with the heart, and not with the head, that a man believes unto salvation. And an amplification of this kindred truth also, that if any man will do the will of God, he shall know the doctrine. And that in these ways his peace shall be as a river. Only, to have made this fine book fine to the end, it should have ended, not with an assent to Rome, but to this rather, that neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall we worship the Father; but they

that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. With all its defects, *The Grammar* is a great possession to the proper possessor.

The Dream of Gerontius was the true copestone for Newman to cut and to lay on the literary and religious work of his whole life. Had Dante himself composed *The Dream of Gerontius* as his elegy on the death of some beloved friend, it would have been universally received as altogether worthy of his superb genius, and it would have been a jewel altogether worthy of his peerless crown. There is nothing of its kind outside of the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso* at all equal to the *Gerontius* for solemnising, ennobling, and sanctifying power. It is a poem that every man should have by heart who has it before him to die.

All students of the English language give their days and nights to the Authorised Version of the Bible, to Shakespeare, to Hooker, to Taylor, to Milton, to Bunyan, to Johnson, to Swift, to Ruskin. But if they overlook Newman, they will make a great mistake, and will miss both thinking and writing of the very first order. The strength, the richness, the pliability,

the acuteness, the subtlety, the spiritualness, the beauty, the manifold resources of the English language, are all brought out under Newman's hand, as under the hand of no other English author. "Athanasius is a great writer," says Newman, "simple in his diction, clear, unstudied, direct, vigorous, elastic, and, above all, characteristic." All of which I will repeat of Newman himself, and especially this—he is above all characteristic. If the English language has an angel residing in it and presiding over it, surely Newman is that angel. Or, at the least, the angel who has the guardianship of the English language committed to him, must surely have handed his own pen to Newman as often as that master has sat down to write English. No other writer in the English language has ever written it quite like Newman. Every preface of his, every title-page of his, every dedication and advertisement of his, every footnote, every parenthesis of his, has a stamp upon it that at once makes you say—that is Newman! He is simply inimitable. He is simply alone as a writer, and has no fellow. No wonder he says that the only master of style he ever had was Cicero. And Cicero had a good scholar in Newman, if the scholar is correct in his description of his master. "This

is the great art of Cicero himself, who, whether he is engaged in statement, argument, or raillery, never ceases till he has exhausted the subject; going round about it and placing it in every different light, yet without repetition to offend or weary the reader." Altogether, Newman's is a shelf of some thirty-eight volumes, all opulent with ideas, all instinct with spirituality, all resplendent with beauty, and all enriching and fertilising to the mind of their proper reader; with all their drawbacks, a noble inheritance to their true heir. And now, in bringing this very imperfect appreciation of Newman to a close, I think I can say with a good conscience, that I have done my best to speak to you about this great man and rich writer on Paul's great principle of believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things, and always rejoicing in the truth. And on Shakespeare's great principle; for I have not knowingly extenuated anything, and it was simply impossible for me to set down aught in malice. And on Bengel's great principle, not to judge without knowledge, nor without necessity, nor without love: *Sine scientia, sine necessitate, sine amore.*

NEWMAN'S CHOICEST PASSAGES

NEWMAN'S CHOICEST PASSAGES

ON GOD

THERE is one God, such and such in Nature and Attributes. I say "such and such," for, unless I explain what I mean by "one God," I use words which may mean anything or nothing. I may mean a mere *anima mundi;* or an initial principle which once was in action and now is not; or collective humanity. I speak then of the God of the Theist and the Christian; a God who is numerically One, who is Personal; the Author, Sustainer, and Finisher of all things, the Life of Law and Order, the Moral Governor; One who is Supreme and Sole; like Himself, unlike all things beside Himself, which all are but His creatures; distinct from, independent of them all; One who is self-existing, absolutely infinite, who has ever been and will be, to whom nothing is past or future; who is all perfection, and the fulness and archetype of every possible excellence, the Truth Itself, Wisdom, Love,

Justice, Holiness; One who is All-powerful, All-knowing, Omnipresent, Incomprehensible. These are some of the distinctive prerogatives which I ascribe, unconditionally and unreservedly, to the Great Being whom I call God. —*Grammar of Assent*, chap. v.

ON GOD THE SON

And here we are brought to the second point of doctrine which it is necessary to insist upon, that while our Lord is God He is also the Son of God, or rather, that He is God because He is the Son of God. We are apt, at first hearing, to say that He is God though He is the Son of God, marvelling at the mystery. But what to man is a mystery, to God is a cause. He is God, not *though*, but *because* He is the Son of God. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," and that which is begotten of God is God. I do not say that we could presume thus to reason for ourselves, but Scripture draws the conclusion for us. Christ tells us Himself, "As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself." And St. Paul says, that He is "the brightness of God's glory, and

the express Image of His Person." And thus, though we could not presume to reason of ourselves that He that is begotten of God is God, as if it became us to reason at all about such ineffable things, yet, by the light of Scripture, we may. And after all, if the truth must be said, it is surely not so marvellous and mysterious that the Son of God should be God, as that there should be a Son of God at all. It is as little level to natural reason that God should have a Son, as that, if there be a Son, He must be God because He is the Son. Both are mysteries; and if we admit with Scripture that there be an Only-begotten Son, it is even less to admit, what Scripture also teaches, that that Only-begotten Son is God because He is Only-begotten. And this is what makes the doctrine of our Lord's Eternal Sonship of such supreme importance, viz. that He is God because He is begotten of God; and they who give up the latter truth are in the way to give up, or will be found already to have given up, the former. The great safeguard to the doctrine of our Lord's Divinity is the doctrine of His Sonship; we realise that He is God only when we acknowledge Him to be by nature and from eternity Son.

Nay, our Lord's Sonship is not only the guarantee to us of His Godhead, but also the antecedent of His Incarnation. As the Son was God, so, on the other hand, was the Son suitably made man; it belonged to Him to have the Father's perfections, it became Him to assume a servant's form. We must beware of supposing that the Persons of the Ever-blessed and All-holy Trinity differ from each other only in this, that the Father is not the Son, and the Son is not the Father. They differ in this besides, that the Father *is* the Father, and the Son *is* the Son. While they are one in substance, each has distinct characteristics which the other has not. Surely those sacred names have a meaning in them, and must not lightly be passed over. And they will be found, if we reverently study them, to supply a very merciful use towards our understanding Scripture; for we shall see a fitness, I say, now that that sacred truth is revealed, in the *Son* of God taking flesh, and we shall thereby understand better what He says of Himself in the Gospels. The Son of God became the Son a second time, though not a second Son, by becoming man. He was a Son both before His Incarnation and, by a second mystery, after it. From eternity He

had been the Only-begotten in the bosom of the Father; and when He came on earth, this essential relation to the Father remained unaltered; still, He was a Son, when in the form of a servant,—still performing the will of the Father, as His Father's Word and Wisdom, manifesting His glory and accomplishing His purposes.

I shall mention a fourth and last point in this great mystery. I have said that our High Priest and Saviour, the Son of God, when He took our nature upon Him, acted through it, without ceasing to be what He was before, making it but the instrument of His gracious purposes. But it must not be supposed, because it was an instrument, or because in the text it is called a tabernacle, that therefore it was not intimately one with Him, or that it was merely like what is commonly meant by a tabernacle which a man dwells in, and may come in and out of; or like an instrument, which a man takes up and lays down. Far from it; though His Divine Nature was sovereign and supreme when He became incarnate, yet the Manhood which He assumed was not kept at a distance from Him (if I may so speak) as a mere instrument, or put on as a mere garment, or entered as a mere

tabernacle, but it was really taken into the closest and most ineffable union with Him. He received it into His Divine Essence (if we may dare so to speak) almost as a new attribute of His Person; of course, I speak by way of analogy, but I mean as simply and indissolubly. Let us consider what is meant by God's justice, or mercy, or wisdom, and we shall perhaps have some glimpse of the meaning of the inspired writers, when they speak of the Son's Incarnation. If we said that the Son of God is just or merciful, we should mean that these are attributes which attach to all He is or was. Whatever He says, whatever He designs, whatever He works, He is just and loving, when He thus says, designs, or works. There never was a moment, there never was an act or providence, in which God wrought, without His being just and loving, even though both attributes may not be exercised at once in the same act. In somewhat the same way the Son of God is man; all that is necessary to constitute a perfect manhood is attached to His eternal Person absolutely and entirely, belonging to Him as really and fully as His justice, truth, or power; so that it would be as unmeaning to speak of dividing one of His attributes from Him as to separate from

Him His manhood.—*Parochial and Plain Sermons*, vol. VI. sermon V.

ON THE WORD

He is a Being who, though the Highest, yet in the work of creation, conservation, government, retribution, makes Himself, as it were, the minister and servant of all; who, though inhabiting eternity, allows Himself to take an interest, and to have a sympathy, in the matters of time and space. His are all beings, visible and invisible, the noblest and the vilest of them. His are the substance, and the operation, and the results of that system of physical nature into which we are born. His, too, are the achievements of the intellectual essences on which He has bestowed an independent action and the gift of origination. The laws of the universe, the principles of truth, the relation of one thing to another, their qualities and virtues, the order and harmony of the whole, all that exists, is from Him; and if evil is not from Him, as assuredly it is not, this is because evil has no substance of its own, but is only defect, excess, perversion, or corruption of that which has substance. All we see, hear, and touch, the remote sidereal firmament, as well as

our own sea and land, and the elements which compose them, and the ordinances they obey, are His. The primary atoms of matter, their properties, their mutual action, their disposition and collocation, electricity, magnetism, gravitation, light, and whatever other subtle principles or operations the wit of man is detecting or shall detect, are the work of His hands. From Him has been every movement which has convulsed and refashioned the surface of the earth. The most insignificant or unsightly insect is from Him, and good in its kind; the ever-teeming, inexhaustible swarms of animalculæ, the myriads of living motes invisible to the naked eye, the restless, ever-spreading vegetation which creeps like a garment over the whole earth, the lofty cedar, the umbrageous banana, are His. His are the tribes and families of birds and beasts, their graceful forms, their wild gestures, and their passionate cries.

And so is the intellectual, moral, social, and political world. Man, with his motives and works, his languages, his propagation, his diffusion, is from Him. Agriculture, medicine, and the arts of life, are His gifts. Society, laws, government, He is their sanction. The pageant of earthly royalty has the semblance and the benediction of the Eternal King. Peace

and civilisation, commerce and adventure, wars when just, conquests when humane and necessary, have His co-operation and His blessing upon them. The course of events, the revolution of empires, the rise and fall of states, the periods and eras, the progress and the retrogression of the world's history, not indeed the incidental sin, ever-abundant as it is, but the great outlines and the results of human affairs, are from His disposition. The elements and types and seminal principles and constructive powers of the moral world, in ruins though it be, are to be referred to Him. "He enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." His are the dictates of the moral sense, and the retributive reproaches of conscience. To Him must be ascribed the rich endowments of the intellect, the irradiation of genius, the imagination of the poet, the sagacity of the politician, the wisdom (as Scripture calls it) which now decorates the Temple, now manifests itself in proverb or in parable. The old saws of nations, the majestic precepts of philosophy, the luminous maxims of law, the oracles of individual wisdom, the traditionary rules of truth, justice, and religion, even thoughts imbedded in the corruption, or alloyed with the pride, of the world, betoken His original agency and

His longsuffering presence. Even when there is habitual rebellion against Him, or profound far-spreading, social depravity, still the undercurrent, or the heroic outburst, of natural virtue, as well as the yearnings of the heart after what is not, and the presentiment of its true remedies, are to be ascribed to the Author of all good. Anticipations or reminiscences of His glory haunt the mind of the self-sufficient sage and of the pagan devotee; His writing is upon the wall, whether of the Indian fane, or of the porticoes of Greece. He introduces Himself, He all but concurs, according to His good pleasure, and in His selected season, in the issues of unbelief, superstition, and false worship, and He changes the character of acts by His overruling operation. He condescends, though he gives no sanction, to the altars and shrines of imposture, and He makes His own fiat the substitute for its sorceries. He speaks amid the incantations of Balaam, raises Samuel's spirit in the witch's cavern, prophesies of the Messias by the tongue of the Sibyl, forces Python to recognise His ministers, and baptizes by the hand of the misbeliever. He is with the heathen dramatist in his denunciations of injustice and tyranny and his auguries of divine vengeance upon crime.

Even on the unseemly legends of a popular mythology He casts His shadow, and is dimly discerned in the ode or the epic, as in troubled water or in fantastic dreams. All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent, be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes from Him.—*Idea of a University*, Discourse III.

ON THE INFINITE

What, in fact, do we know of pure spirit? What do we know of the infinite? Of the latter just a little, by means of mathematical science, that is, under the conditions of number, quantity, space, distance, direction, and shape; just enough to tell us how little we know, and how little we are able to draw arguments and inferences when infinites are in question. Mathematical science tells us that one and one infinite do not, put together, make two; that there may be innumerable infinites, and that all put together are not greater than one of them; that there are orders of infinites. It is plain we are utterly unable to determine what is possible and what is impossible in this high region of realities. And then, again, in the

case of infinitesimals, do not three lines become one line when one is placed upon another? Yet how can we say, supposing them respectively coloured white, red, and blue, that they would not remain three, after they had coalesced into one, as they were really three before?

Nor in its doctrine of infinites only does mathematical science illustrate the mysteries of theology. Geometry, for instance, may be used to a certain point as an exponent of algebraical truth; but it would be irrational to deny the wider revelations of algebra, because they do not admit of a geometrical expression. The fourth power of a quantity may be received as a fact, though a fourth dimension in space is inconceivable. Again, a polygon or an ellipse is a figure different in kind from a circle; yet we may tend towards a conception of the latter by using what we know of either of the former. Thus it is by economical expedients that we teach and transmit the mysteries of religion, separating them into parts, viewing them in aspects, adumbrating them by analogies, and so approximating to them by means of words which say too much or too little. And if we consent to such ways of thought in our scientific treatment of "earthly things," is it wonder-

ful that we should be forced to them in our investigation of "heavenly"?—*Athanasius*, II. Art. *The Holy Trinity in Unity*.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF THE ECONOMY

The word Economy occurs in St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, where it is used for that series of divine appointments viewed as a whole, by which the Gospel is introduced and realised among mankind, being translated in our version *dispensation*. It will evidently bear a wider sense, embracing the Jewish and patriarchal dispensations, or any divine procedure, greater or less, which consists of means and an end. Thus it is applied by the Fathers to the history of Christ's humiliation, as exhibited in the doctrines of His incarnation, ministry, atonement, exaltation, and mediatorial sovereignty, and as such distinguished from the *Theologia* or the collection of truths relative to His personal indwelling in the bosom of God. Again, it might with equal fitness be used for the general system of providence by which the world's course is carried on; or, again, for the work of creation itself, as opposed to the absolute perfection of the Eternal God, that internal concentration of His Attributes in self-contem-

plation, which took place on the seventh day, when He rested from all the work which He had made. And since this everlasting and unchangeable quiescence is the simplest and truest notion we can obtain of the Deity, it seems to follow that, strictly speaking, all those so-called economies or dispensations, which display His character in action, are but condescensions to the infirmity and peculiarity of our minds, shadowy representations of realities, which are incomprehensible to creatures such as ourselves, who estimate everything by the rule of association and arrangement, by the notion of a purpose and plan, object and means, parts and whole. What, for instance, is the revelation of general moral laws, their infringement, their tedious victory, the endurance of the wicked, and the "winking at the times of ignorance," but an *Economia* of greater truths untold, the best practical communication of them which our minds in their present state will admit? Accordingly, we may safely admit the first chapter of the Book of Job, the twenty-second of the First Book of Kings, and other passages of Scripture to be Economies, that is, representations conveying substantial truth in the form in which we are best able to receive it; and to be accepted by us and used in their literal sense,

as our highest wisdom, because we have no powers of mind equal to the more philosophical determination of them. Again, the Mosaic Dispensation was an Economy, simulating (so to say) unchangeableness when from the first it was destined to be abolished. And our Blessed Lord's conduct on earth abounds with the like gracious and considerate condescension to the weakness of His creatures, who would have been driven either to a terrified inaction or to presumption, had they known then, as afterwards, the secret of His Divine Nature.—*The Arians*, I. iii.

By "Economical" I mean language relating to matters beyond the direct apprehension of those to whom it is addressed; and which, in order to have a chance of conveying to them any idea, however faint, of the fact, must be more or less of an analogous or figurative character, as viewed relatively to the truths which it professes to report, instead of a direct and literal statement of the things which have to be conveyed. Thus a child's idea of a king is that of a man richly dressed with a crown and sceptre, sitting on a throne; thus an attempt might be made to convey to a blind man the character of scarlet contrasted with other colours by telling him that it is like the sound

of a trumpet; thus, since none of us can imagine to ourselves a spirit and its properties, it is a received economy to speak of our Lord as sitting on the right hand of God, as if right and left were possible in Him; and, indeed, Scripture is necessarily full of economies when speaking of heavenly things, because there is no other way of introducing into our minds even a rude idea, even any idea at all, of matters so utterly out of our experience.—*Athanasius*, II.

ON THE WORD PERSON

The word *Person* requires the rejection of various popular senses, and a careful definition, before it can serve for philosophical uses. We sometimes use it for an *individual* as contrasted with a class or multitude, as when we speak of having "personal objections to another"; sometimes for the *body*, in contrast to the soul, as when we speak of "beauty of person." We sometimes use it in the abstract, as when we speak of another as "insignificant in person"; sometimes in the concrete, as when we call him "an insignificant person." How divergent in meaning are the derivatives, *personable*, *personalities*, *personify*, *personation*, *personage*, *parson-*

age! This variety arises partly from our own carelessness, partly from the necessary developments of language, partly from the exuberance of human thought, partly from the defects of our vernacular tongue.

Language then requires to be refashioned even for sciences which are based on the senses and the reason; but much more will this be the case, when we are concerned with subject-matters, of which, in our present state, we cannot possibly form any complete or consistent conception, such as the Catholic doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation. Since they are from the nature of the case above our intellectual reach, and were unknown till the preaching of Christianity, they required on their first promulgation new words, or words used in new senses, for their due enunciation. And, since these were not definitely supplied by Scripture or by tradition, nor for centuries by ecclesiastical authority, variety in the use, and confusion in the apprehension of them, were unavoidable in the interval. This conclusion is necessary, admitting the premisses, antecedently to particular instances in proof.

Moreover, there is a presumption equally strong, that the variety and confusion which I have anticipated, would in matter of fact issue

here or there in actual heterodoxy, as often as the language of theologians was misunderstood by hearers or readers, and deductions were made from it which the teacher did not intend. Thus, for instance, the word *Person*, used in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, would on first hearing suggest Tritheism to one who made the word synonymous with *individual*; and Unitarianism to another, who accepted it in the classical sense of a *mask* or *character*.

Even to this day our theological language is wanting in accuracy; thus, we sometimes speak of the controversies concerning the *Person* of Christ, when we mean to include in them those also which belong to the two *natures* which are predicated of Him.—*The Arians*, Fourth Edition, Appendix, Note iv.

ON THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE

In what way inspiration is compatible with that personal agency on the part of its instruments, which the composition of the Bible evidences, we know not; but if anything is certain, it is this—that though the Bible is inspired, and therefore, in one sense, written by God, yet very large portions of it, if not far the greater part of it, are written in a free and

unconstrained manner, and (apparently) with as little consciousness of a supernatural dictation or restraint, on the part of His earthly instruments, as if He had no share in the work. As God rules the will, yet the will is free—as He rules the course of the world, yet men conduct it—so He has inspired the Bible, yet men have written it. Whatever else is true about it, this is true—that we may speak of the history or mode of its composition, as truly as of that of other books; we may speak of its writers having an object in view, being influenced by circumstances, being anxious, taking pains, purposely omitting or introducing things, leaving things incomplete, or supplying what others had so left. Though the Bible be inspired, it has all such characteristics of dialect and style, the distinct effects of times and places, youth and age, of moral and intellectual character; and I insist on this, lest in what I am going to say I seem to forget (what I do not forget), that in spite of its human form, it has in it the spirit and the mind of God.

I observe, then, that Scripture is not one book; it is a great number of writings, of various persons, living at different times, put together into one, and assuming its existing

form as if casually and by accident. It is as if you were to seize the papers or correspondence of leading men in any school of philosophy or science, which were never designed for publication, and bring them out in one volume. You would find probably in the collection so resulting many papers begun and not finished; some parts systematic and didactic, but the greater part made up of hints or of notices, which assumed first principles instead of asserting them, or of discussions upon particular points which appeared to require their attention. I say that the doctrines, the first principles, the rules, the objects of the school, would be taken for granted, alluded to, implied, not stated. You would have some trouble to get at them; you would have many repetitions, many hiatuses, many things which looked like contradictions; you would have to work your way through heterogeneous materials, and after your best efforts, there would be much hopelessly obscure; or, on the other hand, you might look in vain in such a casual collection for some particular opinion which the writer was known nevertheless to have held, nay, to have insisted on.

Such, I conceive, is the structure of the Bible.—*Tract* lxxxv. p. 30.

ON CONSCIENCE

What is the main guide of the soul, given to the whole race of Adam, outside the true fold of Christ as well as within it, given from the first dawn of reason, given to it in spite of that grievous penalty of ignorance which is one of the chief miseries of our fallen state? It is the light of conscience, "the true Light," as the same Evangelist says in the same passage, "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Whether a man be born in pagan darkness, or in some corruption of revealed religion; whether he has heard the Name of the Saviour of the world or not; whether he be the slave of some superstition, or is in possession of some portions of Scripture, in any case, he has within his breast a certain commanding dictate, not a mere sentiment, not a mere opinion, or impression, or view of things, but a law, an authoritative voice, bidding him do certain things and avoid others. It is more than a man's self. The man himself has not power over it, or only with extreme difficulty; he did not make it, he cannot destroy it. He may silence it in particular cases or directions; he may distort its enunciations; but he cannot —or it is quite the exception if he can—he

cannot emancipate himself from it. He can disobey it, he may refuse to use it; but it remains.

This is conscience; and, from the nature of the case, its very existence carries on our minds to a Being exterior to ourselves; else, whence its strange, troublesome peremptoriness? I say its very existence throws us out of ourselves, and beyond ourselves, to go and seek for Him in the height and depth, whose voice it is. As the sunshine implies that the sun is in the heavens, though we may see it not; as a knocking at our doors at night implies the presence of one outside in the dark who asks for admittance, so this Word within us necessarily raises our minds to the idea of a Teacher, an unseen Teacher. And thus it is, that to those who use what they have, more is given. At the same time, the more a person tries to obey his conscience, the more he gets alarmed at himself for obeying it so imperfectly. His sense of duty will become more keen, and his perception of transgression more delicate; and he will understand more and more how many things he has to be forgiven. And the voice of conscience has nothing gentle, nothing of mercy in its tone. It is severe, and even stern. It does not speak of for-

giveness, but of punishment. It suggests to the sinner a future judgment; it does not tell him how he can avoid it. Moreover, it does not tell him how he is to get better; he feels himself very sinful at the best; he feels himself in bondage to a tyranny which, alas! he loves too well, even while he hates it. And then he is in great anguish, and cries out in the Apostle's words, "Unhappy man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—*Sermons, Various*, v.

Conscience suggests to us many things about that Master, whom by means of it we conceive, but its most prominent teaching, and its cardinal and distinguishing truth is that He is our Judge. In consequence, the special Attribute under which it brings Him before us, to which it subordinates all other Attributes, is that of justice, retributive justice. We learn from its information to conceive of the Almighty, primarily, not as a God of wisdom, of knowledge, of power, of benevolence, but as a God of justice and of judgment; as one who ordains that the offender shall suffer for his offence. Hence its effect is to burden and sadden the religious mind, and is in contrast with the enjoyment derivable from the exercise of the affections, and from the perception of beauty, whether in

the material universe, or in the creations of the intellect. This is that fearful antagonism brought out, with such soul-piercing reality, by Lucretius, when he speaks so dishonourably of what he considers the heavy yoke of religion, and the *æternas pœnas in morte timendum*, and, on the other hand, rejoices in his *Alma Venus, quæ rerum naturam sola gubernas*. And we may appeal to him for the fact, while we repudiate his view of the fact.—*Grammar*, chap. x.

The rule and measure of duty is not utility, nor expedience, nor the happiness of the greatest number, nor State convenience, nor fitness, order, and the *pulchrum*. Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a messenger from Him, who, both in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas; and even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain, and would have a sway.—*Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*.

ON FEAR AND LOVE

In heaven, love will absorb fear ; but in this world, *fear and love must go together*. No one can love God aright without fearing Him ; though many fear Him, and yet do not love Him. Self-confident men, who do not know their own hearts, or the reasons they have for being dissatisfied with themselves, do not fear God, and they think this bold freedom is to love Him. Deliberate sinners fear but cannot love Him. But devotion to Him consists in love and fear, as we may understand from our ordinary attachment to each other. No one really loves another who does not feel a certain reverence towards him. When friends transgress this sobriety of affection, they may indeed continue associates for a time, but they have broken the bond of union. It is a mutual respect which makes friendship lasting. So again, in the feelings of inferiors towards superiors. Fear must go before love. Till he who has authority shows he has it and can use it, his forbearance will not be valued duly ; his kindness will look like weakness. We learn to contemn what we do not fear ; and we cannot love what we contemn. So in religion also. We cannot understand Christ's mercies till we

understand His power, His glory, His unspeakable holiness, and our demerits; that is, until we first fear Him. Not that fear comes first, and then love; for the most part they will proceed together. Fear is allayed by the love of Him, and our love is sobered by our fear of Him.—*Sermons*, vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

ON MAN

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art!
With what a love, what soft persuasive might
Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
To fill the throne which angels lost through pride!

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
With his whole essence shatter'd and unsound,
And coil'd around his heart a demon dire,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
Resolved that death-environ'd spirit to win,

Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh, what a shifting parti-colour'd scene
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has been
The history of that dreary, life-long fray!
And oh, the grace to nerve him and to lead,
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth,
Majesty dwarf'd to baseness, fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering power!
Who never art so near to crime and shame
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name.—

How should ethereal natures comprehend
A thing made up of spirit and of clay,
Were we not task'd to nurse it and to tend,
Link'd one to one throughout its mortal day?
More than the Seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransom'd race.

Dream of Gerontius.

ON THE WORLD OF MEN

Starting then with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into a logical shape, I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror, and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me, when I look into this living busy world, and see no reflection of its Creator. This is, to me, one of those great difficulties of this absolute primary truth, to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist, when I looked into the world. I am speaking of myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God,

drawn from the general facts of human society, and the course of history, but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienations, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointment of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet

so exactly described in the Apostle's words, "Having no hope and without God in the world,"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birth-place or family connexions, I should conclude there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one, of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. Then only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and the condition of his being. And so I argue about the world:—*if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes

to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.—*Apologia*, chap. v.

ON SELF-KNOWLEDGE

Now, unless we have some just idea of our hearts and of sin, we can have no right idea of a Moral Governor, a Saviour or a Sanctifier, that is, in professing to believe in Them, we shall be using words without attaching distinct meaning to them. Thus self-knowledge is at the root of all real religious knowledge; and it is in vain—worse than vain—it is a deceit and a mischief, to think to understand the Christian doctrines as a matter of course, merely by being taught by books, or by attending sermons, or by any outward means, however excellent, taken by themselves. For it is in proportion as we search our hearts and understand our own nature, that we understand what is meant by an Infinite Governor and Judge; in proportion as we comprehend the nature of disobedience and our actual sinfulness, that we feel what is the blessing of the removal of sin, redemption, pardon, sanctification, which otherwise are mere words. God speaks to us primarily in our hearts. Self-knowledge is the key to the pre-

cepts and doctrines of Scripture. The very utmost any outward notices of religion can do, is to startle us and make us turn inward and search our hearts; and then, when we have experienced what it is to read ourselves, we shall profit by the doctrines of the Church and the Bible.—*Sermons*, vol. i. pp. 42, 43.

But let a man persevere in prayer and watchfulness to the day of his death, yet he will never get to the bottom of his heart. Though he know more and more of himself as he becomes more conscientious and earnest, still the full manifestation of the secrets there lodged is reserved for another world. And at the last day who can tell the affright and horror of a man who lived to himself on earth, indulging his own evil will, following his own chance notions of truth and falsehood, shunning the cross and the reproach of Christ, when his eyes are at length opened before the throne of God, and all his innumerable sins, his habitual neglect of God, his abuse of his talents, his misapplication and waste of time, and the original unexplored sinfulness of his nature, are brought clearly and fully to his view? Nay, even to the true servants of Christ, the prospect is awful. "The righteous," we are told, "will scarcely be saved."

Then will the good man undergo the full sight of his sins, which on earth he was labouring to obtain, and partly succeeded in obtaining, though life was not long enough to learn and subdue them all. Doubtless we must all endure that fierce and terrifying vision of our real selves, that last fiery trial of the soul before its acceptance, a spiritual agony and second death to all who are not then supported by the strength of Him who died to bring them safe through it, and in whom on earth they have believed.—*Sermons*, vol. i. pp. 48, 49.

ON A WRONG CURIOSITY

O my brethren, do you not confess to the truth of much of what I have been saying? Is it not so, that, when your mind began to open, in proportion as it opened, it was by that very opening made rebellious against what you knew to be duty? In matter of fact, was not your intellect in league with disobedience? Instead of uniting knowledge and religion, as you might have done, did you not set one against the other? For instance, was it not one of the first voluntary exercises of your mind, to indulge a wrong curiosity?—a curiosity which you confessed to yourselves to be wrong, which

went against your conscience, while you indulged it. You desired to know a number of things which it could do you no good to know. This is how boys begin; as soon as their mind begins to stir, it looks the wrong way, and runs upon what is evil. This is their first wrong step; and their next use of their intellect is to put what is evil into words: this is their second wrong step. They form images, and entertain thoughts, which should be away, and they stamp them upon themselves and others by expressing them. And next, the bad turn which they do to others, others retaliate on them. One wrong speech provokes another; and thus there grows up among them from boyhood that miserable tone of conversation—hinting and suggesting evil, jesting, bantering on the subject of sin, supplying fuel for the inflammable imagination —which lasts through life, which is wherever the world is, which is the very breath of the world, which the world cannot do without, which the world "speaks out of the abundance of its heart," and which you may prophesy will prevail in every ordinary assemblage of men, as soon as they are at their ease and begin to talk freely,—a sort of vocal worship of the Evil One, to which the Evil One listens with special satisfaction, because he looks on it as the prepa-

ration for worse sin ; for from bad thoughts and bad words proceed bad deeds.

Bad company creates a distaste for good ; and hence it happens that when a youth has gone the length I have been supposing, he is repelled, from that very distaste, from those places and scenes which would do him good. He begins to lose the delight he once had in going home. By little and little he loses his enjoyment in the pleasant countenances, and untroubled smiles, and gentle ways, of that family circle which is so dear to him still. At first he says to himself that he is not worthy of them, and therefore keeps away ; but at length the routine of home is tiresome to him. He has aspirations and ambitions which home does not satisfy. He wants more than home can give. His curiosity now takes a new turn ; he listens to views and discussions which are inconsistent with the sanctity of religious faith. At first he has no temptation to adopt them ; only he wishes to know what is "said." As time goes on, however, living with companions who have no fixed principle, and who, if they do not oppose, at least do not take for granted, any the most elementary truths, or worse, hearing or reading what is directly against religion, at length, without being conscious of

it, he admits a sceptical influence upon his mind. He does not know it, he does not recognise it, but there it is; and, *before* he recognises it, it leads him to a fretful, impatient way of speaking of the persons, conduct, words, and measures of religious men, or of men in authority. This is the way in which he relieves his mind of the burden which is growing heavier and heavier every day. And so he goes on, approximating more and more closely to sceptics and infidels, and feeling more and more congeniality with their modes of thinking, till some day suddenly, from some accident, the fact breaks upon him, and he sees clearly that he is an unbeliever himself.—*Sermons, Various*, i.

ON REALISING WHAT WE READ

Let us consider how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages which to a boy are mere rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home

to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the mediæval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time.

And what the experience of the world effects for the illustration of classical authors, that office the religious sense, carefully cultivated, fulfils towards Holy Scripture. To the devout and spiritual, the Divine Word speaks of things, not merely of notions. And, again, to the disconsolate, the tempted, the perplexed, the suffering, there comes, by means of their very trials, an enlargement of thought, which enables them

to see in it what they never saw before. Henceforth there is to them a reality in its teachings, which they recognise as an argument, and the best of arguments, for its divine origin. Reading, as we do, the Gospels from our youth up, we are in danger of becoming so familiar with them as to be dead to their force, and to view them as a mere history. The purpose, then, of meditation is to realise them; to make the facts which they relate stand out before our minds as objects, such as may be appropriated by a faith as living as the imagination which apprehends them.

It is obvious to refer to the unworthy use made of the more solemn parts of the sacred volume by the mere popular preacher. His very mode of reading, whether warnings or prayers, is as if he thought them to be little better than fine writing, poetical in sense, musical in sound, and worthy of inspiration. The most awful truths are to him but sublime or beautiful conceptions, and are adduced and used by him, in season and out of season, for his own purposes, for embellishing his style or rounding his periods. But let his heart at length be ploughed by some keen grief or deep anxiety, and Scripture is a new book to him. This is the change which so often takes place in what is called

religious conversion, and it is a change so far simply for the better, by whatever infirmity or error it is in the particular case accompanied. And it is strikingly suggested to us, to take a saintly example, in the confession of the patriarch Job, when he contrasts his apprehension of the Almighty before and after his afflictions. He says he had indeed a true apprehension of the Divine Attributes before them as well as after; but with the trial came a great change in the character of that apprehension:—"With the hearing of the ear," he says, "I have heard Thee, but now mine eye seeth Thee; therefore I reprehend myself, and do penance in dust and ashes."—*Grammar of Assent*, chap. iv.

ON THE UNBELIEF OF SCIENTIFIC MEN

The reason may be this: the humility and teachableness which the Scripture precepts inculcate are connected with principles more solemn and more awful than those which are necessary for the temper of mind in which scientific investigation must be conducted; and though the Christian spirit is admirably fitted to produce the tone of thought and inquiry which leads to the discovery of truth, yet a

slighter and less profound humility will do the same. The philosopher has only to confess that he is liable to be deceived by false appearances and reasonings, to be biassed by prejudice, and led astray by a warm fancy; he is humble because sensible he is ignorant, cautious because he knows himself to be fallible, docile because he really desires to learn. But Christianity, in addition to this confession, requires him to acknowledge himself to be a rebel in the sight of God, and a breaker of that fair and goodly order of things which the Creator once established. The philosopher confesses himself to be imperfect; the Christian feels himself to be sinful and corrupt. The infirmity of which the philosopher must be conscious is but a relative infirmity—imperfection as opposed to perfection, of which there are infinite degrees. Thus he believes himself placed in a certain point of the scale of beings, and that there are beings nearer to perfection than he is, others farther removed from it. But the Christian acknowledges that he has fallen away from that rank in creation which he originally held; that he has passed a line, and is in consequence not merely imperfect, but weighed down with positive, actual evil. Now there is little to lower a man in his own opinion, in his believing that

he holds a certain definite station in an immense series of creatures, and is in consequence removed, by many steps, from perfection; but there is much very revolting to the minds of many, much that is contrary to their ideas of harmony and order, and the completeness of the system of nature, and much at variance with those feelings of esteem with which they are desirous of regarding themselves, in the doctrine that man is disgraced and degraded from his natural and original rank; that he has, by sinning, introduced a blemish into the work of God; that he is guilty in the court of heaven, and is continually doing things odious in the sight of the Divine holiness. And as the whole doctrine of the Christian faith depends upon this doctrine, since it was to redeem man from deserved punishment that Christ suffered on the cross, and in order to strengthen him in his endeavours to cleanse himself from sin, and prepare for heaven, that the Holy Spirit has come to rule the Church, it is not wonderful that men are found, admirable for their philosophical temper and their success in investigating nature, and yet are unworthy disciples in the school of the Gospel.—*University Sermons*, i.

ON THE ENTERPRISE OF OUR RACE

This, then, is the people for private enterprise; and of private enterprise alone have I been speaking all along. What a place is London in its extent, its complexity, its myriads of dwellings, its subterraneous works! It is the production, for the most part, of individual enterprise. Waterloo Bridge was the greatest architectural achievement of the generation before this; it was built by shares. New regions, with streets of palaces and shops innumerable, each shop a sort of shrine or temple of this or that trade, and each a treasure-house of its own merchandise, grew silently into existence, the creation of private spirit and speculation. The gigantic system of railroads rises and asks for its legal *status:* prudent statesmen decide that it must be left to private companies, to the exclusion of Government. Trade is to be encouraged: the best encouragement is, that it should be free. A famine threatens; one thing must be avoided,—any meddling on the part of Government with the export and import of provisions.

Emigration is in vogue: out go swarms of colonists, not, as in ancient times, from the Prytaneum, under State guidance and with

religious rites, but each by himself, and at his own arbitrary and sudden will. The ship is wrecked; the passengers are cast upon a rock,—or made the hazard of a raft. In the extremest peril, in the most delicate and anxious of occupations, every one seems to find his place, as if by magic, and does his work, and subserves the rest with coolness, cheerfulness, gentleness, and without a master. Or they have a fair passage, and gain their new country; each takes his allotted place there, and works in it in his own way. Each acts irrespectively of the rest, takes care of number one, with a kind word and deed for his neighbour, but still as fully understanding that he must depend for his own welfare on himself. Pass a few years, and a town has risen on the desert beach, and houses of business are extending their connexions and influence up the country. At length, a company of merchants make the place their homestead, and they protect themselves from their enemies with a fort. They need a better defence than they have provided, for a numerous host is advancing upon them, and they are likely to be driven into the sea. Suddenly a youth, the castaway of his family, half-clerk, half-soldier, puts himself at the head of a few troops, de-

fends posts, gains battles, and ends in founding a mighty empire over the graves of Mahmood and Aurungzebe.

It is the deed of one man; and so, wherever we go, all over the earth, it is the solitary Briton, the London agent, or the *Milordos*, who is walking restlessly about, abusing the natives, and raising a colossus, or setting the Thames on fire, in the East or the West. He is on the top of the Andes, or in a diving-bell in the Pacific, or taking notes at Timbuctoo, or grubbing at the Pyramids, or scouring over the Pampas, or acting as prime minister to the King of Dahomey, or smoking the pipe of friendship with the Red Indians, or hutting at the Pole. No one can say beforehand what will come of these various specimens of the independent, self-governing, self-reliant Englishman. Sometimes failure, sometimes openings for trade, scientific discoveries, or political aggrandisements. His country and his government have the gain; but it is he who is the instrument of it, and not political organisation, centralisation, systematic plans, authoritative acts. The policy of England is what it was before,—the Government weak, the Nation strong,—strong in the strength of its multitudinous enterprise, which gives to its Gov-

ernment a position in the world, which that Government could not claim for itself by any prowess or device of its own.—*Discussions and Arguments*, v.

ON THE WORLD'S BENEFACTORS

Our lesson, then, is this; that those men are not necessarily the most useful men in their generation, nor the most favoured by God, who make the most noise in the world, and who seem to be principals in the great changes and events recorded in history; on the contrary, that even when we are able to point to a certain number of men as the real instruments of any great blessings vouchsafed to mankind, our relative estimate of them, one with another, is often very erroneous: so that, on the whole, if we would trace truly the hand of God in human affairs, and pursue His bounty as displayed in the world to its original sources, we must unlearn our admiration of the powerful and distinguished, our reliance on the opinion of society, our respect for the decisions of the learned or the multitude, and turn our eyes to private life, watching in all we read or witness for the true signs of God's presence, the graces of personal holiness mani-

fested in His elect; which, weak as they may seem to mankind, are mighty through God, and have an influence upon the course of His Providence, and bring about great events in the world at large, when the wisdom and strength of the natural man are of no avail.

Now, first, observe the operation of this law of God's government, in respect to the introduction of those temporal blessings which are of the first importance in securing our wellbeing and comfort in the present life. For example, who was the first cultivator of corn? Who first tamed and domesticated the animals whose strength we use, and whom we make our food? Or who first discovered the medicinal herbs which, from the earliest times, have been our resource against disease? If it was mortal man, who thus looked through the vegetable and animal worlds, and discriminated between the useful and the worthless, his name is unknown to the millions whom he has benefited. It is notorious, that those who first suggest the most happy inventions, and open a way to the secret stores of nature,—those who weary themselves in the search after Truth, who strike out momentous principles of action, who painfully force upon their contemporaries the adoption of beneficial measures, or, again,

who are the original cause of the chief events in national history, are commonly supplanted, as regards celebrity and reward, by inferior men. Their works are not called after them; nor the arts and systems which they have given to the world. Their schools are usurped by strangers; and their maxims of wisdom circulate among the children of their people, forming, perhaps, a nation's character, but not embalming in their own immortality the names of their original authors.—*Parochial Sermons*, II. i.

ON THE WORLD'S RELIGION

What is the world's religion now? It has taken the brighter side of the Gospel,—its tidings of comfort, its precepts of love; all darker, deeper views of man's condition and prospects being comparatively forgotten. This is the religion *natural* to a civilised age, and well has Satan dressed and completed it into an idol of the Truth. As the reason is cultivated, the taste formed, the affections and sentiments refined, a general decency and grace will of course spread over the face of society, quite independently of the influence of Revelation. That beauty and delicacy of thought, which is so attractive in books, then extends to the con-

duct of life, to all we have, all we do, all we are. Our manners are courteous; we avoid giving pain or offence; our words become correct; our relative duties are carefully performed. Our sense of propriety shows itself even in our domestic arrangements, in the embellishments of our houses, in our amusements, and so also in our religious profession. Vice now becomes unseemly and hideous to the imagination, or, as it is sometimes familiarly said, "out of taste." Thus elegance is gradually made the test and standard of virtue, which is no longer thought to possess an intrinsic claim on our hearts, or to exist, *further than* it leads to the quiet and comfort of others. Conscience is no longer recognised as an independent arbiter of actions, its authority is explained away; partly it is superseded in the minds of men by the so-called moral sense, which is regarded merely as the love of the beautiful; partly by the rule of expediency, which is forthwith substituted for it in the details of conduct. Now conscience is a stern, gloomy principle; it tells us of guilt and of prospective punishment. Accordingly, when its terrors disappear, then disappear also, in the creed of the day, those fearful images of Divine wrath with which the Scriptures abound. They are explained away. Everything is bright and

cheerful. Religion is pleasant and easy; benevolence is the chief virtue; intolerance, bigotry, excess of zeal, are the first of sins. Austerity is an absurdity;—even firmness is looked on with an unfriendly, suspicious eye. On the other hand, all open profligacy is discountenanced; drunkenness is accounted a disgrace; cursing and swearing are vulgarities. Moreover, to a cultivated mind, which recreates itself in the varieties of literature and knowledge, and is interested in the ever-accumulating discoveries of science, and the ever-fresh accessions of information, political or otherwise, from foreign countries, religion will commonly seem to be dull, from want of novelty. Hence excitements are eagerly sought out and rewarded. New objects in religion, new systems and plans, new doctrines, new preachers, are necessary to satisfy that craving which the so-called spread of knowledge has created. The mind becomes morbidly sensitive and fastidious; dissatisfied with things as they are, desirous of a change *as such*, as if alteration must of itself be a relief.—*Parochial Sermons*, vol. i. pp. 311–313.

ON GREEK AND LATIN

Greek is celebrated for its copiousness in vocabulary, for its perspicuity, and its reproductive power; and its consequent facility of expressing the most novel or abstruse ideas with precision and elegance. Hence the Attic style of eloquence is plain and simple, because simplicity and plainness were not incompatible with clearness, energy, and harmony. But it was a singular want of judgment, an ignorance of the very principles of composition, which induced Brutus, Calvus, Sallust, and others to imitate this terse and severe beauty in their own defective language, and even to pronounce the opposite kind of diction deficient in taste and purity. In Greek, indeed, the words fall, as it were, naturally, into a distinct and harmonious order; and, from the exuberant richness of the materials, less is left to the ingenuity of the artist. But the Latin language is comparatively weak, scanty, and unmusical; and requires considerable skill and management to render it expressive and graceful. Simplicity in Latin is scarcely separable from baldness; and justly as Terence is celebrated for chaste and unadorned diction, yet, even he, compared with Attic writers, is flat and heavy. Again, the

perfection of strength is clearness united to brevity; but to this combination Latin is utterly unequal. From the vagueness and uncertainty of meaning which characterises its separate words, to be perspicuous it must be full. What Livy, and much more Tacitus, have gained in energy, they have lost in lucidity and elegance; the correspondence of Brutus with Cicero is forcible, indeed, but harsh and abrupt. Latin, in short, is not a philosophical language, not a language in which a deep thinker is likely to express himself with purity or neatness. Cicero found it barren and dissonant, and as such he had to deal with it. His good sense enabled him to perceive what could be done, and what it was vain to attempt; and happily his talents answered precisely to the purpose required. He may be compared to a clever landscape gardener, who gives depth and richness to narrow and confined premises by ingenuity and skill in the disposition of his trees and walks. Cicero rather made a language than a style; yet not so much by the invention as by the combination of words. Some terms, indeed, his philosophical subjects obliged him to coin; but his great art lies in the application of existing materials, in converting the very disadvantages of the language into beauties, in

enriching it with circumlocutions and metaphors, in pruning it of harsh and uncouth expressions, in systematising the structure of a sentence. This is that *copia dicendi* which gained Cicero the high testimony of Cæsar to his inventive powers, and which, we may add, constitutes him the greatest master of composition that the world has seen.—*Historical Sketches*, ii., Cicero, 12.

ON ATHENS

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain,—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full;—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down was, that that olive tree was so

choice in nature and so noble in shape that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell, how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him,

nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below ; nor of those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam ; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain ; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun ;—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery, choking sands, learned at once

what a real University must be, by coming to understand the sort of country, which was its suitable home.

Nor was this all that a University required, and found in Athens. No one, even there, could live on poetry. If the students at that famous place had nothing better than bright hues and soothing sounds, they would not have been able or disposed to turn their residence there to much account. Of course they must have the means of living, nay, in a certain sense, of enjoyment, if Athens was to be an Alma Mater at the time, or to remain afterwards a pleasant thought in their memory. And so they had: be it recollected Athens was a port, and a mart of trade, perhaps the first in Greece; and this was very much to the point, when a number of strangers were ever flocking to it, whose combat was to be with intellectual, not physical difficulties, and who claimed to have their bodily wants supplied, that they might be at leisure to set about furnishing their minds. Now, barren as was the soil of Attica, and bare the face of the country, yet it had only too many resources for an elegant, nay, luxurious abode there. So abundant were the imports of the place, that it was a common saying, that the productions, which

were found singly elsewhere, were brought all together in Athens. Corn and wine, the staple of subsistence in such a climate, came from the isles of the Ægean; fine wool and carpeting from Asia Minor; slaves, as now, from the Euxine, and timber too; and iron and brass from the coasts of the Mediterranean. The Athenian did not condescend to manufactures himself, but encouraged them in others; and a population of foreigners caught at the lucrative occupation both for home consumption and for exportation. Their cloth, and other textures for dress and furniture, and their hardware—for instance, armour—were in great request. Labour was cheap; stone and marble in plenty; and the taste and skill which at first were devoted to public buildings, as temples and porticos, were in course of time applied to the mansions of public men. If nature did much for Athens, it is undeniable that art did much more.—*Historical Sketches*, I. iii.

ON A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

If, then, a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the

world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires geniuses on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles, or Newtons, or Napoleons, or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content, on the other hand, with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm, and fixed aims to popular aspirations, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an

eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society; he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse; he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports

him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete in its result.—*Idea of a University*, Discourse VII.

ON GRAMMAR

By Grammar, it is hardly necessary to say, was not meant, in ancient times, as now, the mere analysis or rules of language, as denoted by the words etymology, syntax, prosody; but rather it stood for scholarship, that is, such an acquaintance with the literature of a language as is implied in the power of original composition and the *vivâ voce* use of it. Thus Cassiodorus defines it to be "skill in speaking elegantly, gained from the best poets and orators"; St. Isidore, "the science of speaking well"; and Raban, "the science of interpreting poets and historians, and the rule of speaking and writing well." In the monastic school, the language, of course, was Latin; and in Latin literature first came Virgil; next, Lucan and

Statius; Terence, Sallust, Cicero; Horace, Persius, Juvenal; and of Christian poets, Prudentius, Sedulius, Juvencus, Aratus. Thus we find that the monks of St. Alban's, near Mayence, had standing lectures in Cicero, Virgil, and other authors. In the school of Paderborne there were lectures in Horace, Virgil, Statius, and Sallust. Theodulf speaks of his juvenile studies in the Christian authors, Sedulius and Paulinus, Aratus, Fortunatus, Juvencus, and Prudentius, and in the classical, Virgil and Ovid. Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester the Second, after lecturing his class in logic, brought it back again to Virgil, Statius, Terence, Juvenal, Persius, Horace, and Lucan. A work is extant of St. Hildebert's, supposed to be a school exercise; it is scarcely more than a cento of Cicero, Seneca, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Terence, and other writers. Horace he must have almost known by heart. . . .

Grammar, moreover, in the sense in which we have defined it, is no superficial study, nor insignificant instrument of mental cultivation, and the school-task of the boy became the life-long recreation of the man. Amid the serious duties of their sacred vocation the monks did not forget the books which had arrested and

refined their young imagination. Let us turn to the familiar correspondence of some of these more famous Benedictines, and we shall see what were the pursuits of their leisure, and the indulgences of their relaxation. Alcuin, in his letters to his friends, quotes Virgil again and again; he also quotes Horace, Terence, Pliny, besides frequent allusions to the heathen philosophers. Lupus quotes Horace, Cicero, Suetonius, Virgil, and Martial. Gerbert quotes Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Terence, and Sallust. Petrus Cellensis quotes Horace, Seneca, and Terence. Hildebert quotes Virgil and Cicero, and refers to Diogenes, Epictetus, Crœsus, Themistocles, and other personages of ancient history. Hincmar of Rheims quotes Horace. Paschasius Radbert's favourite authors were Cicero and Terence. Abbo of Fleury was especially familiar with Terence, Sallust, Virgil, and Horace; Peter the Venerable, with Virgil and Horace; Hepidann of St. Gall took Sallust as a model of style.

Nor is their anxiety less to enlarge the range of their classical reading. Lupus asks Abbot Hatto through a friend for leave to copy Suetonius's *Lives of the Cæsars*, which is in the monastery of St. Boniface in two small *codices*. He sends to another friend to bring with him

the Catilinarian and Jugurthan wars of Sallust, the *Verrines* of Cicero, and any other volumes which his friend happens to know either he has not, or possesses only in faulty copies, bidding him withal beware of robbers on his journey. Of another friend he asks the loan of Cicero's *de Rhetoricâ*, his own copy of which is incomplete, and of Aulus Gellius. In another letter he asks the Pope for Cicero's *de Oratore*, the *Institutions* of Quintilian, and the *Commentary* of Donatus upon Terence. In like manner Gerbert tells Abbot Gisilbert that he has the beginning of the *Ophthalmicus* of the philosopher Demosthenes, and the end of Cicero's *Pro Rege Deiotaro;* and he wants to know if he can assist in completing them for him. He asks a friend at Rome to send him by Count Guido the copies of Suetonius and Aurelius, which belong to the Archbishop and himself; he requests Constantine, the lecturer (scholasticus) at Fleury, to bring him Cicero's *Verrines* and *de Republicâ;* and he thanks Remigius, a monk of Treves, for having begun to transcribe for him the Achilleid of Statius, though he had been unable to proceed with it for want of a copy. To other friends he speaks of Pliny, Cæsar, and Victorinus. Alcuin's Library contained Pliny, Aristotle, Cicero, Virgil, Statius,

and Lucan; and he transcribed Terence with his own hand.—*Historical Sketches*, III. *The Benedictine Schools.*

ON THE UNREALITY OF LITERATURE

And lastly, if this unreality may steal over the Church itself, which is in its very essence a practical institution, much more is it found in the philosophies and literature of men. Literature is almost in its essence unreal; for it is the exhibition of thought disjoined from practice. Its very home is supposed to be ease and retirement; and when it does more than speak or write, it is accused of transgressing its bounds. This indeed constitutes what is considered its true dignity and honour, viz. its abstraction from the actual affairs of life; its security from the world's currents and vicissitudes; its saying without doing. A man of literature is considered to preserve his dignity by doing nothing; and when he proceeds forward into action, he is thought to lose his position, as if he were degrading his calling by enthusiasm, and becoming a politician or a partisan. Hence mere literary men are able to say strong things against the opinions of their age, whether religious or political,

without offence, because no one thinks they mean anything by them. They are not expected to go forward to act upon them, and mere words hurt no one.—*Sermons*, vol. v. iii.

ON A GENTLEMAN

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. . . . The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jolt or a jar in the minds of those among whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for

slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, he never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes.—*Idea of a University*, Discourse VIII.

ON MUSIC

Let us take another instance of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified: I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without meaning, without reality? We

may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of

divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the power of eliciting them.—*University Sermons*, xv.

Music, I suppose, though this is not the place to enlarge upon it, has an object of its own; as mathematical science also, it is the expression of ideas greater and more profound than any in the visible world, ideas, which centre indeed in Him whom Catholicism manifests, who is the seat of all beauty, order, and perfection whatever, still ideas after all, which are not those on which Revelation directly and principally fixes our gaze. If then a great master in this mysterious science (if I may speak of matters which seem to lie out of my own province) throws himself on his own gift, trusts its inspirations, and absorbs himself in those things which, though they come to him in the way of nature, belong to things above nature, it is obvious he will neglect everything else. Rising in his strength, he will break through the trammels of words, he will scatter human voices, even the sweetest, to the winds; he will

be borne upon nothing less than the fullest flood of sounds which art has enabled him to draw from mechanical contrivances; he will go forth as a giant, as far as ever his instruments can reach, starting from their secret depths fresh and fresh elements of beauty and grandeur as he goes, and pouring them together into still more marvellous and rapturous combinations; —and well indeed and lawfully, while he keeps to that line which is his own; but, should he happen to be attracted, as he well may, by the sublimity, so congenial to him, of the Catholic doctrine and ritual, should he engage in sacred themes, should he resolve by means of his art to do honour to the Mass, or the Divine Office, —(he cannot have a more pious, a better purpose, and Religion will gracefully accept what he gracefully offers; but)—is it not certain, from the circumstances of the case, that he will be carried on rather to use Religion than to minister to it, unless Religion is strong on its own ground, and reminds him that, if he would do honour to the highest of subjects, he must make himself its scholar, must humbly follow the thoughts given him, and must aim at the glory, not of his own gift, but of the Great Giver.—*Idea of a University*, Discourse IV.

ON DEFINITENESS IN PREACHING

My second remark is, that it is the preacher's duty to aim at imparting to others, not any fortuitous, unpremeditated benefit, but some *definite* spiritual good. It is here that design and study find their place; the more exact and precise is the subject which he treats, the more impressive and practical will he be; whereas no one will carry off much from a discourse which is on the general subject of virtue, or vaguely and feebly entertains the question of the desirableness of attaining Heaven, or the rashness of incurring eternal ruin. As a distinct image before the mind makes the preacher earnest, so it will give him something which it is worth while to communicate to others. Mere sympathy, it is true, is able, as I have said, to transfer an emotion or sentiment from mind to mind, but it is not able to fix it there. He must aim at imprinting on the heart what will never leave it, and this he cannot do unless he employ himself on some definite subject, which he has to handle and weigh, and then, as it were, to hand over from himself to others. . . .

Nay, I would go the length of recommending a preacher to place a distinct categorical propo-

sition before him, such as he can write down in a form of words, and to guide and limit his preparation by it, and to aim in all he says to bring it out, and nothing else. This seems to be implied or suggested in St. Charles's direction: "Id omnino studebit, ut quod in concione dicturus est antea *bene cognitum* habeat." Nay, is it not expressly conveyed in the Scripture phrase of "preaching the *word*"? for what is meant by "the word" but a proposition addressed to the intellect? Nor will a preacher's earnestness show itself in anything more unequivocally than in his rejecting, whatever be the temptation to admit it, every remark, however original, every period, however eloquent, which does not in some way or other tend to bring out this one distinct proposition which he has chosen. Nothing is so fatal to the effect of a sermon as the habit of preaching on three or four subjects at once. I acknowledge I am advancing a step beyond the practice of great Catholic preachers when I add that, even though we preach on only one at a time, finishing and dismissing the first before we go to the second, and the second before we go to the third, still, after all, a practice like this, though not open to the inconvenience which the confusing of one subject with another involves, is in matter of

fact, nothing short of the delivery of three sermons in succession without break between them.—*Idea of a University:* "University Preaching."

ON EARNESTNESS IN PREACHING

And here, in order to prevent misconception, two remarks must be made, which will lead us further into the subject we are engaged upon. The first is, that, in what I have been saying, I do not mean that a preacher must aim at *earnestness*, but that he must aim at his *object*, which is to do some spiritual good to his hearers, and which will at once *make* him earnest. It is said that, when a man has to cross an abyss by a narrow plank thrown over it, it is his wisdom, not to look at the plank, along which lies his path, but to fix his eyes steadily on the point in the opposite precipice at which the plank ends. It is by gazing at the object which he must reach, and ruling himself by it, that he secures to himself the power of walking to it straight and steadily. The case is the same in moral matters; no one will become really earnest by aiming directly at earnestness; any one may become

earnest by meditating on the motives, and by drinking at the sources, of earnestness. We may of course work ourselves up into a pretence, nay, into a paroxysm, of earnestness; as we may chafe our cold hands till they are warm. But when we cease chafing, we lose the warmth again; on the contrary, let the sun come out and strike us with his beams, and we need no artificial chafing to be warm. The hot words, then, and energetic gestures of a preacher, taken by themselves, are just as much signs of earnestness as rubbing the hands or flapping the arms together are signs of warmth; though they are natural where earnestness already exists, and pleasing as being its spontaneous concomitants. To sit down to compose for the pulpit with a resolution to be eloquent is one impediment to persuasion; but to be determined to be earnest is absolutely fatal to it.

He who has before his mental eye the Four Last Things will have the true earnestness, the horror, or the rapture, of one who witnesses a conflagration, or discerns some rich and sublime prospect of natural scenery. His countenance, his manner, his voice, speak for him, in proportion as his view has been vivid and minute. The great English poet has described

this sort of eloquence when a calamity had befallen :—

> Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-page,
> Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
> Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
> Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

—*Idea of a University:* "University Preaching."

ON A LOST SOUL BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST

Oh, what a moment, when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overwhelmed with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realise where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit, bringing up all the sins of his past life, which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were. . . . And, oh! still more terrible, still more distracting, when the Judge speaks, and consigns the soul to the jailors, till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it! "Impossible, I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake! There is a mistake

somewhere: Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand,—one minute to explain it! My name is Demas; I am but Demas, not Judas. What? hopeless pain! for me! impossible, it shall not be!" And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. "Oh, atrocious!" it shrieks in agony, and in anger too, as if the very keenness of the affliction were a proof of its injustice. "A second! and a third! I can bear no more! Stop, horrible fiend, give over: I am a man, and not such as thou! I am not food for thee, or sport for thee! I never was in hell as thou; I have not on me the smell of fire, nor the taint of the charnel-house! I know what human feelings are; I have been taught religion; I have had a conscience; I have a cultivated mind; I am well versed in science and art; I have been refined by literature; I have had an eye for the beauties of nature; I am a philosopher, or a poet, or a shrewd observer of men, or a hero, or a statesman, or an orator, or a man of wit and humour. . . ." Alas! poor soul; and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and with those companions whom it has chosen, the man's name is perhaps solemnly chanted forth, and his memory

decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity, or his wisdom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time; they appeal to his authority; they quote his words; perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history. "So comprehensive a mind! Such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony!" "Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion; I happened to be present, and never shall forget it!" or, "It was the saying of a very sensible man"; or, "A great personage whom some of us knew"; or, "It was a rule with a very excellent and sensible friend of mine, now no more"; or, "Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so versatile, so unobtrusive"; or, "I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy"; or, "So great a benefactor to his country and his kind"; "His discoveries so great"; or, "His philosophy so profound." Oh, vanity! vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it? What profiteth it? His soul is in hell. Oh, ye children of men, while thus ye speak, his soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon have part, and which will never die. . .

"*Deus misereatur nostri, et benedicat nobis*": "God have mercy on us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us, and have mercy on us. God, even our God, bless us; may God bless us; and may all the ends of the earth fear Him."—*Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, ii.

ON THOMAS MOZLEY'S WASTE OF TIME

I am truly rejoiced to find your desire for parochial employment has not diminished, and your opinion of your own health not such as to deter you. For myself, since I heard your symptoms I have not been alarmed, but some persons have been very anxious about you. I trust you are to be preserved for many good services in the best of causes. I am sure you have that in you which will come to good if you cherish and improve it. You may think I am saying a strange thing, perhaps an impertinent and misplaced, and perhaps founded on a misconception, yet let me say it, and blame me if it be harsh—viz. that, had it pleased God to have visited you with an illness as serious as the Colchester people thought it, it would almost have seemed a rebuke for past waste of time. I believe that God often cuts off those

He loves, and who are really His, as a judgment, not interfering with their ultimate safety, but as passing them by as unworthy of being made instruments of His purposes. It is an idea which was strong upon the mind of my brother during his illnesses of the last year, while he did not doubt that his future interests were essentially secure. I doubt not at all that you have all along your illness had thoughts about it far better than I can suggest; and I reflect with thankfulness that the very cause of it was an endeavour on your part to be actively employed, to the notion of which you still cling; yet I cannot but sorrowfully confess to myself (how much soever I wish to hide the fact from my own mind) that you have lost much time in the last four or five years. I say I wish to hide it from myself, because, in simple truth, in it I perceive a humiliation to myself. I have expected a good deal from you, and have said I expected it. Hitherto I have been disappointed, and it is a mortification to me. I do expect it still, but in the meanwhile time is lost as well as hope delayed. Now you must not think it unkind in me noticing this now, of all times of the year. I notice it, not as if you needed the remark most now, rather less, but because you have more time to think about it

now. It is one special use of times of illness to reflect about ourselves. Should you, however, really acquit yourself in your own mind, thinking that the course you have pursued of letting your mind take its own way was the best for yourself, I am quite satisfied and will believe you, yet shall not blame myself for leading you to the question, since no one can be too suspicious about himself. Doubtless you have a charge on you for which you must give account. You have various gifts and you have good principles—for the credit of those principles, for the sake of the Church, and for the sake of your friends, who expect it of you, see that they bring forth fruit. I have often had—nay, have—continually anxious thoughts about you, but it is unpleasant to obtrude them, and now I have hesitated much before I got myself to say what I have said, lest I should only be making a fuss ; yet, believe me, to speak with very much affection towards you. Two men who know you best, Golightly and Christie, appear to me to consider you not at all improved in your particular weak points. I differ from them. Perhaps I am exaggerating their opinion, and men speak generally and largely when they would readily on consideration make exceptions, etc. But if this be

in any measure true, think what it implies? What are we placed here for, except to overcome the εὐπερίστατος ἁμαρτία, whatever it be in our own case?—Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. Newman.

—Mozley's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii., Addenda.

ON DAVID

Latest born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the Prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go! and 'mid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road—
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended.

Twofold praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle plain;
Then comes heartache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness;

Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt, and woe :
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood.
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm !
Yet we take thee in thy blindness
And we buffet thee in kindness ;
Little chary of thy fame,—
Dust unborn may bless or blame,—
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing Fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise,
As our brother, to the skies.—*Verses* (lxi.)

ON PAUL

A heathen poet has said, "*Homo sum, humani nil mi alienum puto*"—"I am a man ; nothing human is without interest to me," and the sentiment has been widely and deservedly praised. Now this, in a fulness of meaning which a heathen could not understand, is, I conceive,

the characteristic of this great Apostle. He is ever speaking, to use his own words, "human things," and "as a man," and "according to man," and "foolishly"—that is, human nature, the common nature of the whole race of Adam, spake in him, acted in him, with an energetical presence, with a sort of bodily fulness, always under the sovereign command of divine grace, but losing none of its real freedom and power because of its subordination. And the consequence is that, having the nature of man so strong in him, he is able to enter into human nature, and to sympathise with it, with a gift peculiarly his own.

Now the most startling instance of this is this—that, though his life prior to his conversion seems to have been so conscientious and so pure, nevertheless he does not hesitate to associate himself with the outcast heathen, and to speak as if he were one of them. St. Philip before he communicated used to say, "Lord, I protest before Thee that I am good for nothing but to do evil." At confession he used to say, "I have never done one good action." He often said, "I am past hope." To a penitent he said, "Be sure of this; I am a man like my neighbours, and nothing more." Well, I mean, that somewhat in this way Paul felt all his

neighbours, all the whole race of Adam, to be existing in himself. He knew himself to be possessed of a nature; he was conscious of possessing a nature which was capable of running into all the multiplicity of emotions, of devices, of purposes, and of sins, into which it had actually run in the wide world, and in the multitude of men; and in that sense he bore the sins of all men, and associated himself with them, and spoke of them and himself as one. He not only counts himself, as his birth made him, in the number of "children of wrath," but he classes himself with the heathen as "conversing in the desires of the flesh," "and fulfilling the desires of the flesh and the mind." And in another Epistle he speaks of himself, at the time he writes, as if "carnal, sold under sin"; he speaks of "sin dwelling in him," and of his "serving with the flesh the law of sin"; this, I say, when he was an Apostle confirmed in grace. Meanwhile, may this glorious Apostle, this sweetest of inspired writers, this most touching and winning of teachers, may he do me some good turn, who has ever felt such a special devotion towards him! May this great saint, this man of large mind, of various sympathies, of affectionate heart, have a kind thought for every one of us here according to our respective

needs! He has carried his human thoughts and feelings with him to the throne above; and, though he sees the Infinite and Eternal Essence, he still remembers well that troublous ocean below, of hopes and fears, of impulses and aspirations, of efforts and failures, which is now what it was when he was here. Let us beg him to intercede for us with the Majesty on high, that we too may have some portion of that tenderness, compassion, mutual affection, love of brotherhood, abhorrence of strife and division, in which he excelled.—*Sermons, Various*, vii.

ON A GREAT AUTHOR

A great author is not one who merely has a *copia verborum* whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a

large sense the faculty of Expression. He is master of the twofold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendour of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, "nil molitur *ineptè*." If he is an orator, then too he speaks, not only "distinctè" and "splendidè," but also "*aptè*." His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life—

> "Quo fit, ut omnis
> Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
> Vita senis."

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyse his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is con-

sistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tesselated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

Such pre-eminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such pre-eminently Virgil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it.

If, then, the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named,—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine,—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated,—if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other,—if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family,—it will not answer to make light of Literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life,—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.—*Idea of a University:* "Literature."

ON SOME GREAT AUTHORS

Cicero

His copious, majestic, musical flow of language, even if sometimes beyond what the subject-matter demands, is never out of keeping with the occasion or with the speaker. It is the expression of lofty sentiments in lofty sentences, the "*mens magna in corpore magno.*" It is the development of the inner man. Cicero vividly realised the *status* of a Roman senator and statesman, and the "pride of place" of Rome, in all the grace and grandeur which attached to her; and he imbibed, and became, what he admired. As the exploits of Scipio and Pompey are the expression of this greatness in deed, so the language of Cicero is the expression of it in word. And, as the acts of the Roman ruler or soldier represent to us, in a manner special to themselves, the characteristic magnanimity of the lords of the earth, so do the speeches and treatises of her accomplished orator bring it home to our imagination as no other writing could do. Neither Livy, nor Tacitus, nor Terence, nor Seneca, nor Pliny, nor Quintilian, is an adequate spokesman for the imperial city. They write Latin: Cicero writes Roman.—*Idea of a University:* "Literature."

This is the great art of Cicero himself, who, whether he is engaged in statement, argument, or raillery, never ceases till he has exhausted the subject; going round about it, and placing it in every different light, yet without repetition to offend or weary the reader. . . . We see Cicero resigning his high station to Cato, who, with half his abilities, little foresight, and no address, possessed that first requisite for a statesman—firmness. Cicero, on the contrary, was irresolute, timid, and inconsistent. He talked, indeed, largely of preserving a middle course, but he was continually vacillating from one to the other extreme; always too confident or too dejected; incorrigibly vain of success, yet meanly panegyrising the government of a usurper. His foresight, sagacity, practical good sense, and singular tact, were lost for want of that strength of mind which points them steadily to one object. He was never decided, never (as has sometimes been observed) took an important step without afterwards repenting of it. —*Historical Sketches*, Cicero.

Horace

The poems of Horace are most melancholy to read, but they bring before us most vividly and piteously our state by nature; they increase

in us a sense of our utter dependence and natural helplessness; they arm us against the fallacious promises of the world, especially at this day—the promises of science and literature to give us light and liberty. Horace tries to solace himself with the pleasures of sense, and how stern a monitor he has within him, telling him that death is coming. Have you seen Conington's *Translations of Horace?* If not, will you accept them from me? Horace is untranslatable, but I think they will interest you.—*Letters*, ii. p. 481.

Juvenal

Juvenal is perhaps the only ancient author who habitually substitutes declamation for poetry.—*Essays*, i. i.

Lucretius

Lucretius, too, had great poetical genius; but his work evinces that his miserable philosophy was rather the result of a bewildered judgment than a corrupt heart.—*Essays*, i. i.

Athanasius

The great saint in whose name I began to write years ago, and with whom I end. Athanasius is a great writer, simple in his diction,

clear, unstudied, direct, vigorous, elastic, and, above all, characteristic. This renowned Father is in ecclesiastical history the special doctor of the sacred truth which Arius denied, bringing it out into shape and system so fully and luminously that he may be said to have exhausted his subject, as far as it lies open to the human intellect.—*Athanasius*, ii.

> And royal-hearted Athanase
> With Paul's own mantle blest.
>
> *Verses.*

Origen

Origen, that labour-loving man.—*Athanasius*, i. 47.

Origen, that man of strong heart, who has paid for the unbridled freedom of his speculations on other subjects of theology, by the multitude of grievous and unfair charges which burden his name with posterity.

Hooker

About Hooker there is the charm of nature and reality; he discourses, not as a theologian, but as a man; and we see in him what otherwise might have been hidden, poetry and philosophy informing his ecclesiastical matter. —*Essays*, i. iv.

Bull

Bull, again, is, beyond his other traits, remarkable for discursiveness. He is full of digressions, which can only be excused because they are so instructive and beautiful. If he is often rhetorical, he is never dry; and never tires, except from the abundance of his matter. —*Essays*, I. iv.

Butler

The study of Butler has been to so many, as it was to me, an era in their religious opinions.—*Apologia*, chap. i.

Byron

Byron had very little versatility or elasticity of genius; he did not know how to make poetry out of existing materials. He declaims in his own way, and has the upper hand as long as he is allowed to go on; but if interrogated on principles of nature and good sense, he is at once put out, and brought to a stand. While we do not deny the incidental beauty of a poem, we are ashamed and indignant on witnessing the unworthy substance in which that beauty is imbedded. This remark applies

strongly to the immoral compositions to which Lord Byron devoted his last years.—*Essays*, I. i.

Burns

Burns was a man of inconsistent life: still, it is known, of much really sound principle at bottom. Thus his acknowledged poetical talent is in no wise inconsistent with the truth of our doctrine, which will refer the beauty which exists in his compositions to the remains of a virtuous and diviner nature within him. Nay, further than this, our theory holds good, even though it be shown that a depraved man may write a poem. As motives short of the purest lead to actions intrinsically good, so frames of mind, short of virtuous, will produce a partial and limited poetry. But even where this is instanced, the poetry of a vicious mind will be inconsistent and debased.—*Essays*, I. i.

Scott

Curious, I have just been reading Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. Curious, too, I feel so different about it from you. It has brought more tears into my eyes than any book I ever read, but withal has left an impression on me like a bad

dream. I cannot get the bitter taste out of my mouth. I mean it is so like vanity of vanities, except that I really do trust he has *done a work*, and may be an instrument in the hands of Providence for the revival of Catholicity.—Letter to Keble, in *Letters*, ii.

Thackeray

I write to express the piercing sorrow that I feel in Thackeray's death. You know I never saw him, but you have interested me in him, and one saw in his books the workings of his mind—and he has died with such awful suddenness.

A new work of his had been advertised, and I had looked forward with pleasure to reading it; and now the drama of his life is closed, and he himself is the greatest instance of the text of which he was so full, *vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. I wonder whether he has known his own decay, for a decay I think there has been. I thought his last novel betrayed lassitude and exhaustion of mind, and he has lain by apparently for a year. His last (fugitive) pieces in the *Cornhill* have been almost sermons. One should be very glad to know that he had presentiments of what was to come. What a world is this!

How wretched they are who take it for their portion! Poor Thackeray! it seems but the other day since we became Catholics; now all his renown has been since that—he has made his name, has been much made of, has been fêted, and has gone out, all since 1846 or 1847. —*Letters*, ii.

ON HIMSELF

(1) *On his Conversion*

When I was fifteen, a great change of thought came over me. I fell under the influence of a definite creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured. Here I make a remark: persistence in a given belief is no sufficient test of its truth, but departure from it is at least a slur upon the man who has felt so certain about it. In proportion, then, as I had in 1832 a strong persuasion of opinions which I have since given up, so far a sort of guilt attaches to me, not only for that vain confidence, but for all the various proceedings which were the consequences of it. But under this first head I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have nothing to retract and nothing to repent of. The main principle of the move-

ment is as dear to me now as it ever was. I have changed in many things: in this I have not. From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father as devotion without the fact of a Supreme Being. What I held in 1816, I held in 1833, and I hold in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end.—*Apologia*, chaps. i. and ii.

(2) *On his own Style*

For myself, when I was fourteen or fifteen, I imitated Addison; when I was seventeen, I wrote in the style of Johnson; about the same time I fell in with the twelfth volume of Gibbon, and my ears rang with the cadences of his sentences, and I dreamed of it for a night or two. Then I began to make an analysis of Thucydides in Gibbon's style.

It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interleaved additions. I am not stating this as a

merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. Those who are good speakers may be supposed to be able to write off what they want to say. I, who am not a good speaker, have to correct laboriously what I put on paper. However, I may truly say that I never have been in the practice, since I was a boy, of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for writing's sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult, viz. to express clearly and exactly my meaning: this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside, or fiercely corrected it; for I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write as I was thirty years ago.

As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange, considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and as far as I know to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness.—*Letters*, ii. 477.

(3) *On a Picnic*

When I was down at Darlington for the first time in July 1831, I saw a number of young girls collected together, blooming, and in high spirits, "and all went merry as a marriage-bell." And I sadly thought what changes were in store; what hard trial and discipline were inevitable! I cannot trace their history, but Phyllis and Mary Froude married, and died quickly. Hurrell died. One, if not two, of the young Champernownes died. My sermon "Scripture a Record of Human Sorrow" (*Parochial Sermons*, vol. i.) was dictated at the sight and the foreboding. At that very visit Hurrell caught and had his influenza upon him, which led him by slow steps to the grave. Influenza was about, the forerunner of the cholera. It went through the parsonage of Darlington. Every morning the sharp merry party, who somewhat quizzed me, had hopes it would seize upon me. But I escaped, and sang my warning from the pulpit.—*Letters*, ii. 83.

(4) *On his Gaucherie*

Twice in my life have I, when worn with work, gone to a friend's house to recruit.

The first time was the above, in 1831; the second in 1852-3, to Abbotsford. I there, *à propos* of nothing, and with such little consideration that I am aghast how I *could* have done it, urged on Hope Scott that the families of literary men did not last. It is to me incomprehensible how I *could* have been so *gauche*, or what I was thinking of. Since then the owner, young Scott Lockhart, is dead, Mrs. Hope Scott, her infant son and daughter. And the Duke of Norfolk, who, with his family, was in the house, is at this moment hanging between life and death.—*Letters*, ii. 83.

(5) *On his Unvenerableness*

As to myself, be quite sure that, if you saw me again, you would just feel as you did when you saw me before. I am *not* venerable, and nothing can make me so. I am what I am. I am very much like other people, and I do not think it necessary to abstain from the feelings and thoughts, not intrinsically sinful, which other people have. I cannot speak words of wisdom; to some it comes naturally. Do not suffer any illusive notion about me to spring up in your mind. No one ever treats me with deference and respect who knows me,

and from my heart I trust and pray no one ever may. I have never been in office or station, people have never bowed to me, and I could not endure it. I tell you, frankly, my infirmity, I believe, is to be rude to persons who are deferential in manner to me.—*Letters*, ii. 313.

(6) *On his own Character*

Next day the self-reproaching feelings increased. I seemed to see more and more my utter hollowness. I began to think of all my professed principles, and felt they were mere intellectual deductions from one or two admitted truths. I compared myself with Keble, and felt that I was merely developing his, not my, convictions. Indeed, this is how I look on myself; very much (as the illustration goes) as a pane of glass, which transmits heat, being cold itself. I have a vivid perception of the consequences of certain admitted principles, have a considerable intellectual capacity of drawing them out, have the refinement to admire them, and a rhetorical or histrionic power to represent them; and, having no great (*i.e.* no vivid) love of this world, whether riches, honours, or anything else, and some firmness and natural dignity of character, take

the profession of them upon me, as I might sing a tune which I liked—loving the Truth, but not possessing it, for I believe myself at heart to be nearly hollow, *i.e.* with little love, little self-denial. I believe I have some faith, that is all; and, as to my sins, they need my possessing no little amount of faith to set against them, and gain their remission. By the bye, this statement will account for it, how I can preach the Truth without thinking much of myself. Arnold, in his letter to Grant about me, accuses me among others of identifying high excellence with certain peculiarities of my own, —*i.e.* preaching myself.—*Letters*, i. 416.

ON LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

O mother of saints! O school of the wise! O nurse of the heroic! Of whom went forth, in whom have dwelt, memorable names of old, to spread the truth abroad, or to cherish and illustrate it at home! O thou, from whom surrounding nations lit their lamps! O virgin of Israel! wherefore dost thou now sit on the ground and keep silence, like one of the foolish women who were without oil on the coming of the Bridegroom? Where is now the ruler in Zion, and the doctor in the Tem-

ple, and the ascetic on Carmel, and the herald in the wilderness, and the preacher in the market-place? where are thy "effectual fervent prayers," offered in secret, and thy alms and good works coming up as a memorial before God? . . . O my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured out upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? how is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom, and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee, to have a "miscarrying womb, and dry breasts," to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eye cruel towards thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon them with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence;— at best thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them "stand all the day idle," as the very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them be gone,

where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof? . . . Scripture is a refuge in any trouble; only let us be on our guard against seeming to use it further than is fitting, or doing more than sheltering ourselves under its shadow. Let us use it according to our measure. It is far higher and wider than our need; and its language veils our feelings while it gives expression to them. It is sacred and heavenly; and it restrains and purifies, while it sanctions them.—*Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, xxvi.

ON LEAVING HIS CONGREGATION

And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or

opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.—*Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, xxvi.

ON HIS SECESSION TO ROME

Good friends, you have not far to seek; *habetis confitentem reum;* he pleads guilty; he has given up a fellowship and a living; he has damaged his reputation for judgment and discernment; he has cheerfully made himself a scoff, submitted himself as a prey to the newspapers, has made himself strange to his brethren; and besides and amid all this, it is true, he has said a strong word he had better not have said—or uttered a sarcasm—his successive disclosures have not severely kept time with the growth of his misgivings,—he has spoken to those with whom he should have been reserved, and has been silent when he should have spoken; at times he has not known where he stood, and perhaps promised

what he could not perform. Of his sacrifices he thinks and says nothing; what he does know and does painfully think of, is in substance just that which you so rhetorically urge against him, yes, and before you urge it. His self-scrutiny has preceded your dissection of him. What you proclaim to the world, he confesses without grudging, viz. that he has but acted *secundum captum suum*, according to what he is, not as an Angel, but as a man. In the process of his conversion he has had to struggle with uncertainty of mind, with the duties of an actual position, with misgivings of its untenableness, with the perplexity of fulfilling many duties and of reconciling conflicting ones. He is not perfect; no one is perfect; not they who accuse him; he could retaliate upon them; he could gratuitously suggest reasons for their retaining their stations, as they can suggest reasons for his relinquishing his own; it is easy to impute motives; but it would be unworthy of him to do so. He leaves his critics to that Judgment to which he himself appeals. May they who have spoken or written harshly of recent converts to the Catholic Church receive at the Great Day more lenient measure than they have in this case given!—*Essays*, vol. ii.: "John Keble."

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

Dec. 15, 1883.

My dear Dr. Whyte,—I thank you for your Commentary which you have sent me. It has interested me greatly; it rejoices me to meet with so much in it which I can sympathise and concur in; and I thank you heartily for the kind references you make to me in the course of it, and for the words you have written in its first page.

But it pains me that so large a heart as yours should so little enter into the teaching of the Catholic Church, let alone agreeing to it. Thus you say that we consider that we *physically* eat our Lord's flesh and drink His blood in the Holy Eucharist. It might be quite as truly said that in John vi. our Lord speaks of "eating His flesh and drinking His blood" physically, as that we so speak. We consider the *substance* of His body and blood to be in the Sacrament, and thereby to be given to us; and you truly say (p. 17), speaking of the Holy Trinity, that the "substance" is that "awful, mysterious Essence of which the qualities are *not* extension, or colour, or figure," etc., that is, *not* the "phenomena" which we call physis or nature, and which we could only receive "physically," but that unknown Reality

to which sensible qualities attach themselves and belong, without being *it*.

Excuse this outbreak of controversy, and believe me to be most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

The Rev. A. Whyte, D.D.

Dec. 21, 1883.

MY DEAR DR. WHYTE,—It is very kind in you to ask me to suggest an emendation in the passage I pointed out to you, now that a second edition is called for. I hope I shall propose nothing that you cannot accept. Anyhow, I shall quite understand any difficulty which may arise, and shall be sure that you grant me as much as you can. I quote some sentences from our authoritative documents as *references*, but, of course, only in justification of any changes in your text, *not* as if I wanted them introduced into it.—Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

P.S.—I ought, in my first letter, to have expressed my sense of the service you are doing to the cause of Christian charity by your quotations from authors external to your own Communion.

EDITION I. OF CATECHISM, pp. 184–5.

"This is directed against the Popish doctrine of Transubstantiation. According to that doctrine the bread and wine are changed into the very flesh and

blood of Christ, so that all communicants literally and physically eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ."

PROPOSED CORRECTION.

This is directed against the Popish doctrine of Transubstantiation. According to this doctrine the substance of the bread and wine is converted into the substance of the very flesh and blood of Christ, so that all communicants literally and substantially partake His flesh and blood. (*Vide supr.*, pp. 17 and 18.)

B'M., *Dec.* 26, 1883.

DEAR DR. WHYTE,—I am sorry to have given you the trouble of a correspondence, and feel I have to ask your pardon.

As to your kind proposal to insert my letter into your second edition, I will not dream of consenting to it.

It would be a poor return on my part to your courteous treatment of me in your book, to turn your catechism into a controversy. Nor will I do it. The two ideas are quite distinct. Nor would it be fair to myself, as if I felt sore *personally* when my faith was misconceived. What claim have I to introduce myself into your volume? My only possible claim would be your thinking that I had made a *case*. To consider that I had *not*, yet to insert my letter, would be granting more than you have a right to grant, in justice to yourself.

Nothing, then, can make me approve a course which, though generous in you, does you harm without doing me good.—Your faithful servant,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

B'M., *Dec.* 31, 1883.

MY DEAR DR. WHYTE,—You are treating me with extreme kindness, and if any word of mine to you implies annoyance in me, I assure you it misrepresents me, and the nearest approach I have had to any feeling of pain has been a great anxiety lest I should have quoted our profession of doctrine incompletely, and that I had left out any authoritative testimonies or popular beliefs which would give to our tenet a different aspect.

But indeed I sincerely think such a different aspect cannot be found. Not the most ignorant or stupid Catholic thinks that he eats physically the body of our Lord. What we all believe is that we partake the Body and Blood that hung upon the Cross, and that, in the words of the Anglican service, "that our sinful bodies may be made clean by his Body, and our souls washed through the most precious Blood"; but as to the *how* He brings this to pass, it is a mystery.

To strengthen my feeling that I had acted quite fairly by you, I put my hands on a copy of our authoritative *Penny Catechism* taught in our schools, and I now send it, if you will kindly accept it. You will find the passages bearing on the point at pp. 42–44.

Inverted commas are all that can be needed, and are a happy thought.—Most truly yours,

J. H. Card. Newman.

B'm., *Jan.* 2, 1884.

Dear Dr. Whyte,—Since I sent to you my letter, agreeing to your printing "substance," etc., in inverted commas, I have been teazed with the thought I have not been fair to you, as I will explain.

You say "this is directed against the Popish doctrine." I am right in saying that the "Popish doctrine" is *not* what you have stated it to be, but I am *not* fair to yourself when I allow you to propose to say that "the Shorter Catechism" directs its words against the doctrine (*really* ours) of "the change of *substance*." Is it not more likely that its writers knew little, or thought little, of the decrees of the Council of Trent, and were aiming at the extreme notions of the *multitude* who were in many places superstitious and sadly in want of instruction?

This doubt has made me quite miserable, since you have been so very kind to me; and I so confide in that kindness that I would rather put the matter entirely into your hands without me.

Excuse this bad writing, but the power to hold a pen is going from me.—Very sincerely yours,

John H. Card. Newman.

Dec. 31, 1885.

My dear Dr. Whyte,—I am very glad that you give me the opportunity (as you do by your gift of Mr. Mackintosh's volume) of wishing you a Happy New Year, which I do with all my heart.

Your recommendation will go very far in making me take an interest in it; but you must recollect my age. I read and write very slowly, and the day is ended ere it has well begun. And, though I do so little, I am soon tired, and am always ready for the indulgence of a sound sleep.

I hope you will allow it, if I send to you and to all who are dear to you my Christmas blessing.—Most truly yours, J. H. Card. Newman.

Bm Jan 2. 1854

Dear Dr Whyte

Since I sent to you my letter, agreeing to your Meeting on "Subscription" as in inverted commas, I have been troubled with the thought I have not been frank to you, as I will explain.

You say "this is directed against the Popish doctrine". I am right in saying that the "Popish doctrine" is not what you have stated it to be, but I

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Very sincerely yours
John H. Card. Newman

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